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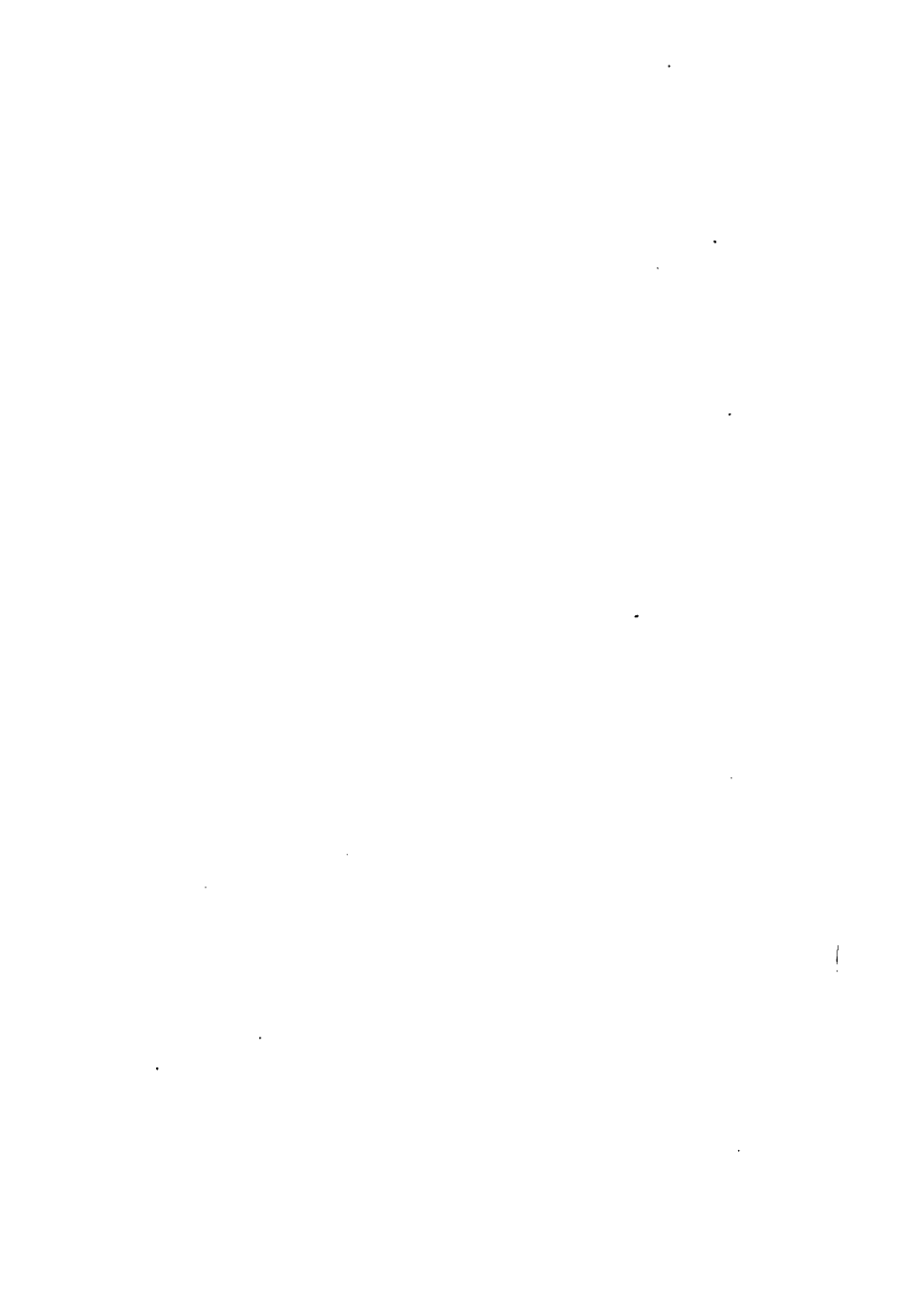
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THE PRISONER'S FRIEND

LIFE OF JAMES BUNDY







THE
PRISONER'S FRIEND:

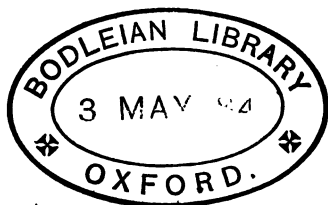
THE LIFE
OF
MR. JAMES BUNDY,
OF BRISTOL.

BY HIS GRANDSON, THE
REV. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS.

'The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.'
PSALM cxii. 6.

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INTRODUCTION,

BY THE REV. H. W. WILLIAMS, D.D.



THERE are a few still living to whom the name of JAMES BUNDY was familiar in their childhood and youth, as that of an earnest and devoted Christian, and one whose self-denying labours for the spiritual welfare of prisoners, especially of those who were under sentence of death, were crowned with remarkable success. His name, too, stands connected with the history of Methodism in the city of Bristol, and vividly recalls some of the hallowed services which, sixty years ago, and for a long time previously, were held in its sanctuaries.

During the period which has elapsed since Mr. Bundy's removal from earth, many changes have taken place, and many have been raised up, in connection with that city, whose intelligent piety and benevolent labours have adorned their Christian profession, and whose calm and peaceful death has evinced the sufficiency of the Saviour's grace. But no one of them is

more worthy of permanent record than that plain and earnest Christian, who ever stood forward as a faithful witness for his Master, who sought out the abodes of poverty and distress, to shed over them the light of truth and kindness, and who was always ready to sacrifice ease and health in ministering to the wretched inmates of our jails.

Soon after Mr. Bundy's decease, the Rev. Thomas Wood, M.A., then stationed in the Bristol Circuit, published a *Biographical Sketch* of his *Life and Character*, the third edition of which was issued in 1824. But this work has long been out of print, and is scarcely adapted to the present day. Several portions of it are embodied in the following narrative; but the reflections with which it abounds are very properly omitted.

The writer of the following work—a grandson of Mr. Bundy—has rendered a valuable service to the Methodist Connexion, and to the Church of God, by devoting a portion of the evening of life to preserving the memory of his honoured relative. Many of the incidents which it contains are startling and impressive; and some are deeply affecting, and can scarcely be read without profound emotion. But the great charm of the narrative is, that it presents to us a man of strong and unwavering faith,—of holy courage in the

cause of Christ,—of self-sacrificing love to others,—and of noble generosity and lofty superiority to all selfish interests. Having been requested by the writer to read the work in manuscript, and to see the sheets as they passed through the press, I avail myself of the opportunity afforded to me by his kindness of thus recording some of the recollections of my own childhood and youth, when the name of Mr. Bundy, as a bold, intrepid servant of God, was very familiar to me.

PREFACE.

It has often been suggested to the writer that the revered memory of Mr. JAMES BUNDY, his maternal grandfather, ought not to be allowed to sink into oblivion. For although more than sixty years have elapsed since he passed to his eternal reward, and the last edition of his *Life*, by the Rev. Thomas Wood, M.A., was published as far back as the year 1824, yet there was so much that was startling, peculiar, and worth preserving about his history, especially as it relates to his character and his labours for the benefit of prisoners, that it is thought the leading facts of his career might with advantage be republished, and handed down to future generations.

The writer has, for a considerable time, been deeply impressed with the duty of attempting, not a re-issue of the work of Mr. Wood, but the preparation of a new Memoir, embracing, indeed, the principal facts that he recorded, and in some instances preserving his own words, but containing much additional matter, and presenting, as the writer ventures

to think, the life of Mr. Bundy in a fuller and clearer light.

For various reasons he has long hesitated to comply with the requests of others, and to yield to a sense of duty, but has never lost sight of the subject. Divine Providence, however, having laid him aside by severe affliction from the more active duties of the Christian ministry, but now having in a great measure restored him to health and strength, he has felt it to be imperative upon him to try, in some humble way, not only to preserve the remembrance of his honoured relative, but to be of some little service to the cause of the great Master, whom his grandfather so faithfully followed, and to whose interests his own continued life is gratefully consecrated.

He is fully conscious that the Memoir is very far below the merits of the subject; but he cherishes the hope, that its perusal will be a source of interest and profit to many, and will redound to the glory of God.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS.

ASHLEY DOWN, BRISTOL,
July 5th, 1880.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
BIRTH—HUMBLE PARENTAGE—FIRST EMPLOYMENT— FILIAL AFFECTION—LEARNING TO READ—PUR- SUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES .	1
CHAPTER II.	
RELIGIOUS DECISION—DEEP CONVICTION OF SIN—JOY OF PARDON—FIRST ATTEMPT AT USEFULNESS— PERSECUTION—TRAGIC END OF A LADY—MORAL RESULTS OF IT	6
CHAPTER III.	
REMOVAL TO BRISTOL—SINGULAR DELUSION—MAR- RIAGE—DOMESTIC PIETY	12
CHAPTER IV.	
RELIGION IN BUSINESS—FAITHFULNESS AS A SERVANT —CONVERSION OF HIS EMPLOYER—DISINTER- ESTED CONDUCT—COMMERCIAL DILLIGENCE AND INTEGRITY	18
CHAPTER V.	
JOINT LABOURS WITH THE REV. JOSEPH EASTERBROOK —MR. WESLEY'S TESTIMONY TO THE FAITHFUL- NESS OF THE LATTER—HIS ACCOUNT OF A DE-	

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
MONIACAL POSSESSION AND DELIVERANCE—AN APPARITION	26

CHAPTER VI.

APPOINTED A LEADER BY MR. WESLEY—ATTACHMENT OF THE MEMBERS TO HIM—BECOMES A LOCAL PREACHER—HIS ZEAL AND USEFULNESS—EFFECTS OF HIS PREACHING ILLUSTRATED—AN AWFUL INCIDENT—FEATURES OF HIS CHARACTER AS A PREACHER	38
---	-----------

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BUNDY'S LABOURS AS A PHILANTHROPIST AND VISITOR OF PRISONS—CASE OF RICHARD HAYNES—HIS ATTEMPT TO STAB MR. BUNDY IN PRISON—HIS CONVERSION AND EXECUTION	50
--	-----------

CHAPTER VIII.

PHILANTHROPIC LABOURS CONTINUED — WILLIAM CARTER—SUCCESSFUL INTERCESSION FOR A FORGER—HIS LADY'S GRATITUDE—REFUSAL OF MONEY—VISITS TO PRISONS IN LONDON—LETTER OF THE LORD MAYOR—INFLUENCE WITH A HIGHWAYMAN	81
--	-----------

CHAPTER IX.

A VISITOR OF THE SICK—INSTANCES OF FAITHFULNESS—CASES OF RELIGIOUS NEGLECT—ANSWERS TO PRAYER—THE 'STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY'—SCENE IN A HOVEL—EXTENSIVE LIBERALITY—LABOURS FOR THE POOR AND NEEDY—SATURDAY EVENING PRACTICES—SUBMISSION UNDER AFFLICTION AND LOSSES—TRAITS OF CHARACTER .	98
---	-----------

CHAPTER X.

LAST DAYS—CLOSING SCENES OF LIFE—PECULIAR DEATH—NEWSPAPER REPORT OF FUNERAL—IN- TERMENT—REV. T. WOOD'S TESTIMONY AT FUNE- RAL SERVICE.—EPITAPH	120
---	-----

THE
PRISONER'S FRIEND:
LIFE OF JAMES BUNDY.



CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—HUMBLE PARENTAGE—FIRST EMPLOYMENT
—FILIAL AFFECTION—LEARNING TO READ—
PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

MR. JAMES BUNDY was born in the year 1750, in the parish of Dymock, in the county of Gloucester, near the borders of the Forest of Dean, and was one of a family of five sons and one daughter. His parents, though religiously inclined, and outwardly moral in their general deportment, were nevertheless destitute of the renewing grace of the Holy Spirit. They, however, endeavoured to train their children to proper views and habits.

As their circumstances were humble, and their means for the support of their household were slender, the subject of this Memoir left home at an early age to maintain himself. He entered the service of a neighbouring farmer, receiving, however, only scanty wages. Yet even at this period he denied himself for the sake of others, and manifested those principles which, as he grew up to manhood, were so strikingly developed in his disinterested and benevolent actions. The first instance recorded affords a beautiful illustration of his filial affection. His mother at this time was severely afflicted, and in order that she might have suitable professional advice, he gave half-a-guinea to a medical man to visit her, and prescribe for her complaint. This sum was the whole of the amount first paid to him as his earnings in his menial employment. This unsolicited and unexpected act, evincing, as it did, his dutiful regard to his parents, and the warmth of his filial love, awakened in their breasts emotions which can be more readily conceived than described. And this act was only the commencement of a long career of exemplary observance of the fifth commandment. Throughout the life of his father and mother, his conduct towards them was uniformly marked by the greatest affection and deference. Such instances of filial

dutifulness are worthy of permanent record, and imperatively claim imitation. They have the approval of God, and the promise of His special providential care and blessing. That promise was eminently fulfilled in the case of Mr. Bundy. He has been frequently heard to say that this one act of kindness to his mother at the outset of life was so blessed by God, that his own earthly career was from this time distinguished by increasing prosperity.

From the outward circumstances of his parents and from his own early employment, it will be readily believed that his education was sadly neglected. Perhaps in nothing did those times differ more widely from our own than in the extent to which useful knowledge is generally appreciated, and facilities for acquiring it are afforded. Then Day-schools were but little known, and in those instances in which instruction was professedly given in rural districts, it was of the most elementary and imperfect character. And as to Sunday-schools, they had not then been established, though not long afterwards they were founded in the city of Gloucester, not far distant from Mr. Bundy's native place.

His pursuit of learning was surrounded with difficulties. While in the service of the farmer above mentioned, and attending to the

sheep committed to his care, he one day espied some young men on a neighbouring bank engaged in reading. Curiosity led him to approach them as a listener; and they, perceiving an expression of interest in his countenance, inquired whether he could read also. He at once admitted that he could not, but should be glad to know how to do so; whereupon one of the number generously offered to teach him, and sent to Gloucester for what was called a 'First Book' for that purpose. From that work he was taught the letters of the alphabet, and how to unite them together into syllables and words. This was all the instruction that he received from his noble-minded youthful teacher, but it was not given in vain. A thirst for knowledge was produced, leading to intense application to acquire it; and as his mind was naturally vigorous, he was soon enabled to surmount every obstacle. He was emphatically a self-taught man; but such was his proficiency in all the ordinary branches of learning, that he became eminently fitted for spheres of extensive usefulness. Little did that unknown youth who taught the stranger to read suspect that his kind endeavours would lead to the results they did. In the providence of God, this apparently accidental occurrence formed a link in the chain of events which made the life of Mr. Bundy one

of the most remarkable ever recorded, the beneficial effects of which will only be revealed when the Judge of heaven and earth will reward every man according to his deeds.



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heard the Gospel preached in his neighbourhood. By whom and in what place is not stated;—whether by a clergyman of the Established Church, or by one of Mr. Wesley's preachers in some humble cottage, is doubtful, though the impression of the writer leans to the latter alternative. Be this as it may, the Word of God was quick and powerful. It entered his heart, and he became deeply convinced of his sinfulness by the 'Spirit of bondage' producing fear and alarm. Although his past life had appeared to others strictly moral and unblamable, he felt himself to be an undone sinner. Such was the depth of his convictions, and such his anxious desire for salvation, that he sought the mercy of God with strong cries and tears. Frequently, at the close of the day, when his toilsome work was done, or early in the morning, before his labours began, he would retire to a sequestered spot, where, under the shadow of some willow trees, he would pour out his soul to God in fervent prayer. Not only was he willing to give up every sin, but he was determined not to rest until he obtained the manifested favour of God. The Saviour has said, 'Strive'—agonise—'to enter in at the strait gate.' Young Bundy exemplified both the letter and the spirit of this injunction; and like the patriarch Jacob, when wrestling with

the Divine Angel, said, 'I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me.'

It may appear strange to some that one whose past life had seemed so upright and blameless should, in seeking forgiveness from God, be suffered to experience so much agony, and be subjected to such protracted delay, before the burden of guilt was removed, and he was enabled to rejoice in the light of the Divine countenance. But those who are acquainted with the subsequent history of Mr. Bundy and his self-denying ministrations to many who were plunged in the depths of sin and suffering, will perceive in his early experience a providential preparation for his allotted work. Having himself passed through deep sorrow and anguish, he was better qualified to sympathise with others in similar circumstances, and by prayer, supplication, and counsel to aid them in the pursuit of mercy.

The moment at length came for his deliverance. He was enabled to appropriate by faith the sacrifice of the Redeemer, and He who had been to him the 'Spirit of bondage' now became the 'Spirit of adoption,' witnessing with his spirit that he was a child of God, and filling his soul with holy confidence and love. His joy was now proportionate to his former sorrow :—

‘Fear gave place to filial love,
And peace o’erflowed his heart.’

With ecstasy he exclaimed : ‘ O Lord, I will praise Thee : for though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me.’ ‘ Bless the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, bless His holy Name.’ The consciousness of his acceptance with God through Christ was so clear and abiding, that he never afterwards entertained a doubt of the reality of his conversion.

Having himself tasted that the Lord was gracious, he now began in various ways to testify to others the saving grace of God. He was the principal instrument in establishing a meeting for the worship of God in his native place, which called forth much opposition. There was a lady residing in the neighbourhood to whom this meeting gave great offence. Being an enemy to vital godliness herself, she was enraged that any Divine service should be held in the vicinity of her mansion. The following incident concerning this individual Mr. Bundy frequently mentioned to his Christian friends. Thinking that her presence and influence would encourage a mob of ignorant and unprincipled persons, who were in the habit of annoying those who were endeavouring to work out their salvation with fear and trembling, she one day accompanied them, and took

a leading part in their unholy work. When her boisterous malice had in part been spent, she returned to her house, probably exulting at the supposed results of her efforts. But like Belshazzar in his impious feast, who gloried in insulting the God of heaven by the abuse of the sacred vessels, which had been consecrated to the Divine service at Jerusalem, she was arrested, as he was, by an unseen hand. In her case, however, death was instantaneous. She suddenly fell down a corpse on the threshold of her abode. It was then generally felt and believed that she was a monument of the righteous judgment of God. Her body was fearful to behold. Her tongue, which had been employed in blaspheming her Maker and in imprecating vengeance on his followers, was singularly affected, and swollen to such an unnatural size as to render her a hideous spectacle.

Scepticism can see nothing in such an occurrence as this but the effect of natural causes. It may be, that the excitement of the violent outburst of passion in which this lady indulged led to the rupture of some blood-vessel in the heart or brain. But beyond the agency of natural causes there must be traced the action of an unseen Power. They who were acquainted with all the circumstances of the case saw in it the hand of an avenging

God. The effect on the mind of Mr. Bundy was lifelong. He saw in the sudden death of this persecutor how God can defend and support His own cause, afford instant protection to His sincere followers, and silence His bitterest enemies. The memory of this circumstance, happening as it did at the outset of his religious career, was calculated to fit him for all the trying incidents of his history, to fortify him against all causes of discouragement, and to nerve him for those seasons of danger and difficulty through which he was so frequently called to pass.



CHAPTER III.

REMOVAL TO BRISTOL—SINGULAR DELUSION— MARRIAGE—DOMESTIC PIETY.

SHORTLY after his conversion to God, and first attempts to be useful, Mr. Bundy was called to visit the city of Bristol. The change from his native place to the busy and populous metropolis of the West of England was great. It is not unlikely that the contrast to the country home he had left would have deterred him from permanently fixing his abode in Bristol, but for the fact that at this time he was brought into connection with an extensive revival of religion, then prevailing among the Wesleyan Methodists there. Into this revival he entered with all his heart; and, having a burning zeal for the glory of God and the welfare of souls, he at once resolved to make this city the place of his future residence. In this step there can be no doubt that he was guided by that Providence which he acknowledged in all his ways. It is impossible carefully to survey his life from this period, fraught, as it was, with so many singular and striking

events, without a conviction that he was placed in his right sphere. The religious associations to which he was introduced, and the peculiar opportunities of usefulness which were afforded to him in that populous and ancient city, were suited to his temperament and his special gifts; and it may be safely affirmed that Bristol has never had a more philanthropic, laborious, disinterested, and self-denying citizen, nor the Methodist Societies there a more indefatigable, devoted, and useful member.

Not long after he had taken up his abode in Bristol, and had become a marked man for deep and earnest piety, he fell under the influence of a singular delusion. He was tempted to endeavour to abstain from all kinds of food during the whole of the forty days of Lent. This attempt did not in his case arise from vain-glory. Those who knew him best could testify that he was too devout and humble a man to be influenced by such a motive. It was a device of Satan, tempting one who sought to be holy as his Lord to imitate Him in a respect in which we cannot literally follow His example.

It seems unaccountable that one with a mind so vigorous and a faith so strong as Mr. Bundy possessed did not at once perceive the snare. A little reflection might have shown

him that the cases of Moses and Elijah, each of whom fasted forty days, were altogether miraculous, and that the action of the God-man was beyond all mere human imitation. So Mr. Bundy eventually perceived. Having fasted for several days, his pale and languid countenance too plainly indicated the wasting effect of a total want of food. One of his intimate friends,—a devout Quaker,—who had been some time previously caught in the same snare, entertained strong suspicions of the reason of his altered appearance. Upon his being questioned on the subject the truth was elicited ; strong remonstrances followed, and the impropriety of the practice was shown. The temptation was immediately detected, and Mr. Bundy escaped from the power of the devil.

Being ardently desirous to please God in all things, he was specially careful to take no important step in life without, first of all, making it a matter of fervent prayer, and seeking the Divine counsel and direction. This was pre-eminently the case, as might be expected, in reference to marriage ; and he sought not guidance from heaven in vain. The object of his choice was in all respects fitted to be his helpmate throughout his earthly pilgrimage. It is almost impossible to consider him at this period of his history, when entering into the relationship of a hus-

band, and afterwards of a father, without recalling to mind the piety and devotedness of the saintly Fletcher of Madeley. These new relations were never allowed to interfere with his communion with God. If anything, they made his visits to the throne of grace more frequent and devout, so that oftentimes on leaving his closet, where he had been enjoying access into the holiest, through the blood of the covenant, his countenance seemed to reflect the glory of God, and his wife and children felt that he had indeed been with Jesus.

The members of his family loved and revered him; and though there was nothing in the world they dreaded more than his displeasure, yet it is stated that his hand was never uplifted but in the act of blessing them, nor his voice ever heard but in giving some profitable instruction or administering some kind and gentle reproof. The example he set before his children was such that it elevated him in their estimation above the common relationship of a father. He seemed to them as a consecrated priest daily offering up to God spiritual sacrifices on their behalf, and pronouncing blessings, in His name, on all around him; 'he ruled well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity.' As soon as they could read, however imperfectly, and could articulate their

Maker's praises, however indistinctly, they were brought early in the morning to the domestic altar, to read with him, alternately, verse by verse, a portion of God's Word, as well as to engage in devotion. His usual practice at family prayer was to begin the reading of the Bible on New Year's day, and to finish it during the year. Thus the early years of his children passed happily away; they being cheerful in his company and rejoicing in his smiles. As they advanced in age, his deep concern for their spiritual welfare increased, and nothing caused him purer joy than to be the honoured instrument of promoting it. Such was his genuine humility and sweetness of disposition that he would sometimes say to them: 'What shall we do to make greater spiritual progress? Can you tell me how I can mend my pace to heaven?' Such confiding familiarity doubtless tended to promote the finest feelings of filial endearment.

As reading the Scriptures and prayer were exercises punctually and seriously observed in his family, so whoever happened to be in his house, at the time, was expected to join in them. When persons of much social respectability called upon him at the periods referred to, and it was intimated that family worship had better be postponed, he never acceded to the suggestion, or deviated from his accus-

tomed practice, but persevered in the performance of his duty, unawed by the presence of strangers.

His domestic piety was uniform and constant. Not only in prayer and thanksgiving did he make the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice, but he converted the ordinary daily meal-times into seasons of spiritual improvement. For instance, he seldom came to dine, more particularly towards the close of life, without bringing in his hand a slip of paper on which he had written a text of Scripture. When his wife and children had taken their accustomed seats at the table, he would place the paper in the hands of one of his daughters to read. This being done, he would make some suitable remarks on the passage, and practically apply it. He would then ask the blessing of God on what His providential care had supplied for their daily wants; thus sanctifying the food set before them by the Word of God and prayer.



CHAPTER IV.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS—FAITHFULNESS AS A
SERVANT—CONVERSION OF HIS EMPLOYER—
DISINTERESTED CONDUCT—COMMERCIAL DILI-
GENCE AND INTEGRITY.

AS Mr. Bundy walked within his house with a perfect heart, we may confidently expect to find the same spirit and conduct in the management of all his temporal concerns. After settling in Bristol, and becoming qualified to fill any business situation, he entered the service of a large brewer as foreman of the establishment. In that service he was much respected. Such was the opinion which his employer formed of his soundness of judgment, integrity, and diligence, that he placed unlimited confidence in him, and left in his hands the entire management of his affairs. Each morning, after Mr. Bundy had seen the workmen under his care at their respective stations, and engaged in performing their allotted work, he would retire to some secret place and pray that in the work of the day the blessing of God might rest upon them, and

especially that no accident might happen to them in their several spheres of labour.

The men soon became acquainted with his religious character, and the purpose for which he left them; and so thoroughly did they appreciate his motive and conduct, that they never took any unfair advantage of his brief absence. They treated him, on the contrary, with all that deference and esteem which his religious deportment justly merited. It is worthy of remark, that while he held this situation they were never known to engage in any angry disputes, nor heard to quarrel among themselves. To the sincere regret of his employer, after some time, Mr. Bundy, for many weighty reasons, deemed it advisable to enter the service of another person in the same line of business; but no outward change of circumstances affected his conduct as a follower of Christ. He manifested the same spirit of fervent piety wherever he went, and exhibited the same constant and uniform devotedness to God.

He still carried the habit of prayer into his daily engagements. And here it may be mentioned, once for all, that if there was one feature of character by which he was pre-eminently distinguished, it was his love of and power in prayer. He was a mighty man in faith and courage, but he seemed mightier still

in wrestling with God at the throne of grace. While in his new sphere of labour, a servant who then lived in the family of the gentleman at the head of the establishment declared that Mr. Bundy made the recess under the malt-kiln his closet, where she had often seen him in the act of holding intercourse with heaven. His prayers were not without effect on her, leading her to religious decision. The same person stated that she had often heard her master remark 'that all his casks were blessed, for he believed his man Bundy had prayed behind every one of them.'

Having reason to fear that his employer had only the form of godliness, but was destitute of its power, Mr. Bundy was deeply concerned about his spiritual welfare, and resolved to take the first opportunity of mentioning the subject to him. He earnestly sought the Divine assistance in his well-meant endeavours, and then waited upon the gentleman at his own house. With much feeling and respect, Mr. Bundy candidly told him his fears as to his religious state. Without being offended, he replied, 'James, you are quite mistaken'; and then referred, in proof, to his moral life and good disposition. The servant was not satisfied, and in the fervour of his zeal fell down on his knees and prayed with such liberty and power for his master's salvation that, from the influence

which rested upon both, he was assured that his supplications were heard and would be answered. After the interview had closed, and the gentleman was left alone to his own reflections, his conscience troubled him, his sinfulness was brought vividly to his mind, and the result was that he became the subject of mental anguish and penitential sorrow. When he retired at night he could obtain no rest—and what alarmed him the more—ruptured a blood-vessel. He immediately sent for his faithful servant to come to him in all possible haste. The request was readily complied with, and Mr. Bundy was soon standing by the bedside of his master, who apparently was bleeding to death. ‘Oh!’ said the sufferer to him, with the greatest anxiety, ‘pray for me!’ Mr. Bundy gratefully complied; and while he was praying the bleeding ceased, and recovery to health gradually followed. The result was such as to awaken lively gratitude to God. The religious impressions produced did not—as in too many instances where persons are raised from a bed of sickness, after vowing to lead a new life—‘pass away as the morning cloud and the early dew’; the gentleman became a living witness to the power of Christ to save.

It is probable that the conduct of Mr. Bundy, in waiting upon his master to express

his fears as to his spiritual state, may not meet with the approval even of some serious persons ; and it is certain that there are few who are likely to imitate it. But what a beautiful instance does it present of his religious earnestness, his faith in God, and his real solicitude for his employer's welfare ! And what a change would soon come over the Church and the world if the same single-minded devotedness to Christ and His work, and the same boldness in confessing Him and pleading with men about their salvation, were generally cherished and manifested ! In this instance he clearly acted under a Divine impulse, and the effects which followed showed that he was Divinely directed and aided.

The conversion of this individual was connected with one illustration of Mr. Bundy's pure disinterestedness, a feature of character which his whole life exemplified.

The gentleman referred to left Mr. Bundy, at his decease, a considerable legacy in money. He did this as an expression of his high esteem for one, whom he regarded as a pious and useful man, and as a token of gratitude for the spiritual good which he had received through his instrumentality. But while Mr. Bundy cherished a grateful recollection of the testator's kind liberality, he acted on the principle, which he maintained through life, never

to receive any monetary remuneration for his efforts at spiritual usefulness. Having received intelligence of the gift, he called the executors together, and, to their utter astonishment, declined to accept the donation, insisting on their retaining it for the benefit of those whom he regarded as the lawful heirs, and observing that it never should be said that he had obtained riches by simply praying for the welfare of others. This example of disinterestedness adds a lustre to his religious character, inasmuch as it evinces the unsullied purity of his motives and the noble benevolence of his disposition. His maxim was that of St. Paul, when writing to the Corinthians, 'I seek not yours, but you.' At another time a person left him by will a whole range of houses of considerable value, but his response was always the same, 'Let the lawful heirs have them, they shall not be my reward for speaking a few comfortable words to a poor dying sinner.' The salvation of souls was his recompense, and success in this enterprise was of more worth to him than thousands of gold or silver.

A period having arrived when a concurrence of circumstances seemed to indicate a new providential calling, he entered into business on his own account. Such was the constitution of his mind, and so fixed and settled were his principles, that, had he not been fully per-

suaded that this was his path of duty, he would still have chosen to remain in his former dependent situation.

Feeling now his increased responsibility, he was very solicitous to act, in the strictest sense, uprightly both before God and man. He did not leave the management of his temporal concerns to his servants, but was found regularly at his post, not merely exercising an oversight of others, but 'working with his hands the thing which is good, that he might have to give to him that needed.' And while he thus guarded against being 'slothful in business,' he was careful to be 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' He never lost sight of his spiritual interests in attending to his secular affairs, nor did he allow the latter to interfere with the former. Both these occupied their proper place in his estimation and conduct.

It is believed by those who knew him best, that sometimes, for weeks and months together, he did not allow himself more than two or three hours' rest at night. He would rise at one or two o'clock in the morning, so that he might finish his work early in the day, and thus have sufficient time to visit the sick, or to be otherwise employed in the service of his Lord and Master. He was never 'weary in well-doing, knowing that in due season he should reap, if he fainted not.'

It is worthy of record, that he was not only assiduous in business, but always regulated his expenditure, so as to bring it within the limits of his income, after making due allowance for disappointments and losses in trade. This economy he considered indispensable to form a secure foundation to support his character, and to preserve him from any imputation, which might bring a reproach on the religion he professed. He considered that if the expenses of his establishment and household were allowed to exceed the just profits arising from business, there would soon be a loss of his principal, and embarrassment and disgrace would follow. Against all these evils he wisely and prudently guarded, maintaining his reputation as a tradesman of the strictest integrity. The consequence was, that he not only placed his family in respectable circumstances, but had wherewith to relieve the destitute and to befriend the afflicted poor. His example in this respect will at once commend itself to imitation. How many, from neglecting to act on the same principles, have been brought into commercial perplexity, and have plunged their families into the depths of adversity and ruin !

CHAPTER V.

JOINT LABOURS WITH THE REV. JOSEPH EASTERBROOK—MR. WESLEY'S TESTIMONY TO THE FAITHFULNESS OF THE LATTER—HIS ACCOUNT OF A DEMONIAL POSSESSION AND DELIVERANCE—AN APPARITION.

MR. BUNDY was not only exemplary and generally esteemed as a man of business, but he became well-known as a public character in the religious world. What brought him more particularly into notice at this period was the establishment of a prayer-meeting at his own house, which was regularly attended by the Rev. Joseph Easterbrook, the Vicar of Temple parish—a clergyman of great faithfulness and usefulness. He and Mr. Bundy lived on terms of the closest intimacy, and heartily co-operated in all labours of benevolence. Their united and well-directed efforts to promote the interests of religion in the neighbourhood were eminently owned of God. Many persons were awakened by their instrumentality to a sense of their guilty and lost

condition, and were led to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ.

Mr. Easterbrook was one of the few clergymen of the Church of England who entered into the views and feelings of Mr. Wesley, and nobly encouraged and sustained him in his apostolic work of 'spreading Scriptural holiness throughout the land.' Had his example and that of some others, whose names are household words in the Methodist Societies, been generally imitated, the great evangelical revival of the last century would have produced yet more extensive and blessed results. This country might, in that case, never have witnessed the lofty assumptions of sacerdotal position and authority on the part of some from whom better things might have been expected, and the dishonourable efforts to introduce into the Protestant Church of England some of the worst dogmas and practices of Romanism.

The opinion which Mr. Wesley formed of Mr. Easterbrook is shown by an entry in his *Journal* under the date of September 18th, 1790: 'I called upon Mr. Easterbrook, ill of a disorder, which no physician understands, and which it seems God only can cure. He is a pattern to all Bristol, and, indeed, to all England; having, beside his other incessant labours, which never were intermitted,

preached in every house in his parish ! It was while he was preaching in his own church that he was suddenly struck with a violent pain in his breast. This confounds all the physicians, and none of their medicines alter it.'

The name of this excellent clergyman will long be associated with a remarkable occurrence, of which he published a detailed account—the peculiar affliction of Mr. George Lukins, commonly called 'the Yatton demoniac,' and his deliverance as the results of combined and fervent prayer. All the facts of the case, attested, as they were, by a large number of credible witnesses, tend to prove that this was really a case of demoniacal possession. A pamphlet published by Mr. Easterbrook now lies before me, in which the incidents of this history are given. The attention of Mr. Easterbrook was directed to this unhappy man by one of his former parishioners, who had resided in Yatton, and well knew his case. Several clergymen and others who investigated the facts were satisfied that his peculiar affliction was the result of supernatural agency ; and Mr. Easterbrook, strong in his confidence of the power of the Lord Jesus to control the malice of the powers of darkness, brought together some Christian ministers and friends to pray for his deliverance. Their names are

given in the pamphlet before me; and they include the four Methodist Ministers then stationed in the Bristol Circuit, and several laymen of great respectability and intelligence. The name of Mr. Bundy does not appear among them. It is probable that some circumstances prevented him from joining that memorable prayer-meeting in the vestry of Temple Church, Bristol; but there is reason to believe, from his intimacy with Mr. Easterbrook, that the case was known to him, and that his fervent supplications were offered in secret for the deliverance of this unhappy man.

It was on Friday morning, June 13, 1788, that that prayer-meeting was held. The following extracts from Mr. Easterbrook's pamphlet vividly describe the scene:—

‘1. They began singing an hymn, on which the man was immediately thrown into strange agitations, very different from his usual seizures: his face was variously distorted, and his whole body strongly convulsed. His right hand and arm then began to shake with violence, and after some violent throes he spake in a deep, hoarse, hollow voice, *personating an invisible agent*, calling the man to an account, and, upbraiding him as a fool for bringing that silly company together; said it was to no purpose, and swore “by his infernal den,” that he

would never quit his hold of him, but would torment him a thousand times worse for making this vain attempt.

'2. He then began to sing in his usual manner,—*still personating some invisible agent*—horribly blaspheming, boasted of his power, and vowed eternal vengeance on the miserable object and on those present for daring to oppose him; and commanded his "faithful and obedient servants" to appear and take their stations.

'3. He then spake in a female voice, very expressive of scorn and derision, and demanded to know why the fool had brought such a company there. And swore by the devil that he would not quit his hold of him, and bid defiance to and cursed all who should attempt to rescue the miserable object from them. He then sang, in the same female voice, a kind of love song, at the conclusion of which he was violently tortured, and repeated most horrible imprecations.

'4. Another invisible agent came forth, assuming a different voice, but his manner much the same as the preceding one. A kind of dialogue was then sung in a hoarse and soft voice alternately; at the conclusion of which, as before, the man was thrown into violent agonies, and blasphemed in a manner too dreadful to be expressed.

'5. He then personated, and said, "I am the great devil"; and after boasting of his power, and bidding defiance to all opposers, sung a kind of hunting song; at the conclusion of which he was most violently tortured, so that it was with difficulty that two strong men could hold him—though he is but a small man, and very weak in constitution: sometimes he would set up a hideous laugh, and at other times bark in a manner indescribably horrid.

'6. After this he summoned all the infernals to appear, and drive the company away. And while the ministers were engaged in fervent prayer he sung a *Te Deum* to the devil, in different voices, saying, "We praise thee, O devil; we acknowledge thee to be the supreme governor," &c., &c.

'7. When the noise was so great as to obstruct the company proceeding in prayer, they sung together an hymn suitable to the occasion. Whilst they were in prayer the voice which personated the great devil bid him defiance, cursing and vowing dreadful vengeance on all present. One in the company commanded him in the name of the great Jehovah to declare his name, to which he replied, "I am the devil!" The same person charged him in the name of Jehovah to declare why he tormented the man. To which he

made answer, "That I may show my power amongst men."

'8. The poor man still remained in great agonies and torture, and prayer was continued for his deliverance. A clergyman present desired him to endeavour to speak the name of Jesus, and several times repeated it to him, at all of which he replied, "Devil." During this attempt a small, faint voice was heard saying, "Why don't you adjure?" On which the clergyman commanded in the name of Jesus, and in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the evil spirit to depart from the man; which he repeated several times; when a voice was heard to say, "Must I give up my power?" and this was followed by dreadful howlings. Soon after another voice, as with astonishment, said, "Our master has deceived us." The clergyman still continuing to repeat the adjuration, a voice was heard to say, "Where shall we go?" And the reply was, "To hell, thy own infernal den, and return no more to torment this man." On this the man's agitations and distortions were stronger than ever, attended with the most dreadful howlings, that can be conceived. But as soon as this conflict was over, he said, in his own natural voice, "Blessed Jesus!" became quite serene, immediately praised God for his deliverance, kneeling down said the Lord's prayer,

and returned his most devout thanks to all who were present.

‘The meeting broke up a little before one o’clock, having lasted near two hours; and the man went away entirely delivered, and has had no return of the disorder since.’

The authenticity of this narrative cannot be questioned; and although scepticism may try to reason the case away, the facts can only be explained on the ground of supernatural agency and a direct Divine interposition. For our part we endorse the sentiments expressed in a letter written on the following day to the curate of Yatton by Mr. Easterbrook:—

‘BRISTOL, *June 14th*, 1788.

‘REV. SIR,

‘At the request of George Lukins, I take the liberty to acquaint you that there was a meeting for prayer held on his account in the vestry-room at Temple Church yesterday morning, at which time we had an astonishing demonstration of the reality of that apostolical declaration, *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever*. Our Lord’s power was present to help, and our friend George was favoured with a great deliverance. He has had no return of his paroxysm since, and I trust that the same Divine power which hath

so far rescued him from the tyranny of the powers of darkness will continue to defend him against any future attacks. Let us offer our praises to the God of all grace for this display of His lovingkindness, and let us still bear this poor man in the arms of our faith and prayer to the throne of grace, that the good work which is begun upon him may be carried on to perfection. I beg leave to subscribe myself, Rev. Sir,

‘Your very humble and obedient servant,

‘JOSEPH EASTERBROOK.*

‘*To the Rev. Mr. Wylde, Yatton.*’

Here it may be proper to introduce an incident in the personal history of Mr. Bundy, which took place about this time.

His reputation as a godly man, of strong

* It is an interesting circumstance that the *title-page* of the edition of this pamphlet which is before me, and which bears the date of 1818, contains the following announcement :

‘The profits of this re-publication will be sacredly appropriated to the relief of distressed objects, by the late vicar’s intimate acquaintance, JAMES BUNDY.’

On the cover is the affecting statement, ‘In consequence of the decease of Mr. Bundy the day after this work was completed, the public are respectfully informed that the profits arising from its sale, agreeably to his design, will be faithfully appropriated by his widow to the relief of the Prisoners of Newgate.’

faith, heroic courage, and mighty in prayer was extensively known, and consequently his interest in the welfare of afflicted persons was frequently and earnestly sought.

On one occasion the wife of an individual called upon him, and asked him imploringly to visit her husband, who was grievously distressed and troubled in mind. He at once engaged to go. On arriving at the man's residence and entering his sick room he found that several other pious persons had been solicited by the woman to be present also. Mr. Bundy, however, on this occasion, felt assured, from the mental state of the sufferer, that there was something about his case more than ordinary, and he was desirous of a more private interview, to ascertain the real facts, that, if possible, he might be of service to the invalid, for his disorder seemed to be beyond the reach of medical treatment. A few days subsequently, he was again waited upon by the man's wife, and requested to repeat his visit. 'Only on one condition,' was the reply. 'And what is that?' said the woman. 'That I am allowed to go alone,' was the answer. 'On no account,' was the tender and kind-hearted remark of the weeping solicitant; 'the miserable condition of my afflicted husband no one knows, and my respect for you, Sir, will not suffer me to accede to your wishes.'

'My mind is made up,' was the rejoinder; 'I will not go again except I am left alone with your sick husband.' After a severe mental struggle the affection of the wife prevailed, and with extreme reluctance she yielded. Mr. Bundy punctually attended, and remained an entire night in the room of the afflicted. On returning to his own home the next morning looking pale and haggard, his first words, as he sank into a chair, were, 'O, what a night I have spent!' Contrary to his usual habit, he never would divulge, but in brief and occasional allusions, what had happened that night; silencing all inquiries by the statement, that perhaps an account of what had transpired might be found amongst his papers after his decease; but these he unfortunately destroyed just before his death.

The main facts, however, became known to several of the writer's relatives and to some other persons; and they show the holy courage and the strong faith in God which characterised Mr. Bundy. Relying on the presence and protection of the Lord Jesus, he met, in His name, the apparition which troubled this afflicted man; and, as the result, disclosed to the sufferer the cause of that alarming appearance which, night after night, had destroyed his rest. That cause was removed, and from that time this person began to recover, re-

gained his former health and strength, and lived for several years afterwards.

It is not deemed desirable to enter more fully into detail ; but enough is known to the writer and to others to show that there was an important purpose to be answered by this unusual permission of Divine providence, and that that purpose was actually attained.



CHAPTER VI.

APPOINTED A LEADER BY MR. WESLEY—ATTACHMENT OF THE MEMBERS TO HIM—BECOMES A LOCAL PREACHER—HIS ZEAL AND USEFULNESS—EFFECTS OF HIS PREACHING ILLUSTRATED—AN AWFUL INCIDENT—FEATURES OF HIS CHARACTER AS A PREACHER.

DURING one of his periodical visits to Bristol, Mr. Wesley formed into a Society Class those persons who had been converted to God, or were under religious convictions, as the result of the prayer-meeting which Mr. Bundy had established in his house, and appointed him the leader of it. He held this office in the same place as long as he lived, and no words can describe the attachment of the members to him, or the solicitude and fidelity with which he watched over their spiritual interests. They loved him as a father, and he cared for them as his children. The place of their meeting was often a Bethel, and when the hand of death severed the connection, their bereavement was a source of deep and almost inconsolable sorrow. They

did not nor could they ever forget their sainted head. Whoever else became their leader, the memory of the departed one was so affectionately cherished by them, that by agreement those that survived met together on the anniversary of his death; and for years afterwards, one of their number always composed some lines of poetry commemorative of the event. A few of these effusions are in the possession of the writer; and while some of them are no mean compositions, they all display a spirit of intense affection for the memory of the departed.

Not long after he became a Class-leader, he felt anxious to be more extensively useful; and having been encouraged by Mr. Wesley to do so, he attempted to exhort and preach, which practice he continued until the time of his death.

Though he had no educational advantages, yet such were his mental endowments, his personal experience of the deep things of God, his readiness of utterance, and withal such was the remarkable unction that accompanied and followed his public labours, that, in the best sense of the term, he was popular, and, above all, he was extensively useful in the arousing and conversion of sinners. His love for souls and his zeal for their salvation were equal to a courage which knew no fear. He quailed

before no obstacle, was appalled by no danger, and where duty pointed out his path of action, nothing could prevent him from pursuing it. Although, as a rule, the office of a local preacher left him at liberty to attend to his secular calling during the week days, except when his services, which were frequently in request, were solicited for important occasions, yet he very generally employed his evenings in preaching to small congregations, or in visiting from house to house, that he might teach and publish the Lord Jesus Christ. He gladly entered in at every open door, where he had an opportunity of being useful to his fellow men. No house was deemed by him too mean, no yard or alley too despicable for him to occupy. His single aim was to point sinners to the Cross; and the burden of his message was, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!'

On the Lord's day he generally devoted the whole of his time and energies to the work of calling sinners to repentance; and many were the seals to his ministry. When he had no regular appointment on the Circuit plan, he would go out into the highways and hedges, or into the streets and lanes of the city to preach the Gospel; and especially would he visit those places in which various amusements had brought together a thoughtless and giddy

multitude. His zeal for the glory of his Divine Master was such, that he would occupy the most prominent places of public resort, and there faithfully, affectionately, and fearlessly warn sinners to 'flee from the wrath to come.'

Some illustrations may here be given of this practice, as well as of the manner of his preaching, and the effects, which, under the blessing of God, it produced. During the summer months a military band was accustomed to play on the Lord's-day evening on Clifton Down, which circumstance generally attracted a large number of idle persons from Bristol and the vicinity.

It has been said by Cowper, 'When I see or hear of a crowd of voluptuaries, who have no ears but for music, no eyes but for splendour, and no tongue but for impertinence and folly, I say, or at least I see occasion to say, This is madness; this persisted in must have a tragical conclusion.'

An awful illustration of this last remark occurred the first time Mr. Bundy preached on the Down. The Commandant of the forces stationed in the neighbourhood was very much enraged with the preacher for attempting to divert the attention of the listening multitude from the music to the solemn realities of the Word of God and the destinies of the eternal world. The band having been directed to

overpower the voices of the people engaged in singing and other acts of religious worship, did their utmost to accomplish this end, but finding all their attempts fruitless, at length desisted. On this occasion Mr. Bundy had previously fixed on a certain text, but on opening his small Bible at the book of Job, the eighteenth and nineteenth verses of the thirty-sixth chapter arrested his attention: 'Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee. Will He esteem thy riches? no, not gold, nor all the forces of strength.'

The selection of this passage seemed almost prophetic of what soon happened. His friends then present remarked afterwards that they never heard him preach in such an awful and impressive manner. The arrows of the Almighty appeared to fly thickly in all directions under the Word published.

Seeing several of the clergy in the midst of his audience, some of whom he personally knew, he addressed them in the course of his sermon in some such language as the following: 'When I look around me, and see gentlemen who have received a university education, so well qualified to show the people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins, I would ask, Is this scene, this profanation of the Lord's day, nothing to you? Are you not

ashamed to hear such a râm's horn as I am, sounding an alarm in this mountain, while you with your silver trumpets remain silent?' Then turning to the military, he said, both to the officers and private soldiers, 'You are called the protectors of the nation; but while you thus disregard the Sabbath, and trample on the authority of the King of kings, you are a curse to the country, bringing down upon it the displeasure of a righteous God.'

When he had finished his address, one of the officers came up to him and said that his discourse met with his entire approval, and thanked him for his services. It is worthy of being recorded, to the honour of this gentleman, that through his influence Mr. Bundy obtained access at all times to the French prison in the immediate neighbourhood of Bristol.

On the Tuesday morning following a friend entered the office of Mr. Bundy, and inquired whether he had preached on the last Sunday on the Downs at Clifton, and whether the text was, 'Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke,' &c. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, the person said: 'Do you know that the Commandant of the troops is no more? Yesterday, while dressing for a visit, he fell down, and instantly expired.' The next Sabbath after this awful

visitation, the corpse of the General was laid in state at the York Hotel, Clifton, and a vast multitude of persons went to gaze at this affecting trophy of death. The undaunted Mr. Bundy (perhaps some will say imprudently, but neither the man nor the circumstances can be judged, at this time, by ordinary rules) was present also. But he was not there as many others, who were simply attracted by the pageantry of the scene. He went to improve the occasion for the benefit of the living. Taking his stand in the front of the hotel, he and his friends sang a solemn hymn, referring to the certainty of death and the reality of a future judgment. Having offered prayer, in his peculiarly powerful and fervent manner he faithfully exhorted the mixed crowd so to apply their hearts to wisdom, and practically to consider their latter end, as to be prepared for death and eternity.

About three years after this event, as Mr. Bundy was walking down Bridge Street, he was accosted by a gentleman, who respectfully inquired if he were not the person who at such a period had preached on Clifton Down. With his accustomed humility, he replied, 'That he was there, endeavouring in his own feeble way to say something for the good of his fellow creatures.' The gentleman rejoined, 'It was on that occasion that the Lord opened my eyes

to see my sinful condition, and since then He has been pleased to show me His mercy.' This individual was a perfect stranger to Mr. Bundy, and we may reasonably believe that his case was not a solitary one. The beneficial results of this day's services will only be revealed when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed at the great tribunal.

On another Sabbath, when Mr. Bundy was preaching on Durdham Down, Sir Edward Williams, who was personally known to him, drove up in his carriage and four, and remained an attentive listener to the close of his sermon. He then bowed and thanked him for his discourse, at the same time requesting him to take a seat in his carriage, and return with him to his residence. This request was respectfully declined. Sir Edward then ordered his coachman to drive him home; and from that time he was never known to use his carriage and horses on the Lord's-day. Several times afterwards he desired Mr. Bundy to preach at his mansion to his family and numerous domestics, a request which, as may be readily supposed, was cheerfully and willingly complied with. His pity for souls, and his dauntless courage, led him often to assail the strongholds of sin and Satan. Having heard that many young persons of both sexes were in the habit of meeting on Redland Green for the purposes of

dancing and frivolity, he prevailed on a few of his friends to accompany him thither. While engaged in singing, at the commencement of the service he was violently assaulted, as Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors often were ; but he manfully braved the storm of opposition, and succeeded in quelling the tumult of the mob. The result was that at least one person on this occasion was convinced of sin, and having been led to the Saviour became a truly pious and devoted Christian.

His concern for the salvation of sinners has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. So strong was his faith in the goodness and faithfulness of God and the efficacy of the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, that he would plead on behalf of penitent seekers of mercy, until he obtained the fulfilment of the promises. One illustration here may suffice. When preaching at a country village, on one occasion, many were pricked in their hearts, and cried for mercy. Several of these accompanied him nearly home, to whom he spoke words of comfort by the way. But on arriving at a sequestered spot, he suddenly paused, and turning round to those who were in distress, requested them to kneel down and pray ; and then and there, with the green grass for his cushion and the tarry heavens for his canopy, he interceded with God in fervent supplications. Wrestling

like the patriarch Jacob, on the banks of the Jabbok, he prevailed with God, for one contrite sinner present obtained a clear sense of his personal acceptance through Christ.

As a preacher he was diligent and punctual. He never neglected an appointment, when it was possible for him to fulfil it, and nothing but extreme necessity could induce him to accept of a substitute. He never shrank from toil, sometimes walking ten, twenty, and even thirty miles on the Lord's day, to preach the everlasting Gospel. It is said that he has many times mounted his horse to ride to a place, eighteen or twenty miles distant, when his family scarcely expected to see him return alive. On leaving his home he would remark, 'If I die on the road, the congregation must forgive the disappointment.' He regarded the neglect of a preaching engagement as involving guilty trifling with the interests of immortal souls, and imperilling the prosperity of the cause of Christ. His punctuality referred also, to time, as well as to the taking of his appointments. He would say, 'It is better for me to be too early, than to keep a congregation waiting.' No words can express the indignation with which he condemned the opposite practice.

He was always extremely reluctant to discontinue preaching at any place, either in town or country, where the Word of God had been

proclaimed, even though there were no visible signs of prosperity. Although the congregation in any house or chapel had been reduced to a few persons, yet he was not discouraged, remarking, 'The promise is, "For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."' "

The unfavourable state of the weather was no obstacle in his way. If it were intimated to him that the day was wet, and he would not be expected, his reply uniformly was, 'It does not rain fire; when it does, the people must not look for me.' He never complained of the inclemency of the seasons, whatever their character, but regarded all things as arranged by an unerring Providence; nor did he magnify difficulties, and then sink under some imaginary apprehension.

He was an earnest advocate for out-door preaching, believing that many would thus hear the Gospel, who could not be persuaded to enter a place of worship. Once, when preaching in the open air, an incident happened similar to what frequently occurred in Mr. Wesley's evangelical career. A man in a state of partial intoxication, cursing awfully, reeled within the sound of the preacher's voice, when he suddenly stopped, and listened apparently with attention. He then approached Mr. Bundy, and frankly acknowledged that he had come

there with the deliberate intention of stoning him. The man then emptied his pockets of the stones with which he had filled them, and falling down on his knees asked forgiveness, and entreated an interest in his prayers.

His manner of preaching was unaffected and natural, and his doctrine Scriptural. He did not possess the power of oratory, nor did he attempt to clothe his thoughts in refined language. He was plain in speech, in demeanour, and in dress; but such were his earnestness and faithfulness, and such the unction that attended his efforts, that all who heard him felt that they were listening to an ambassador of Christ, who always preached,—

‘As though he ne’er should preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.’



CHAPTER VII.

MR. BUNDY'S LABOURS AS A PHILANTHROPIST AND
VISITOR OF PRISONS—CASE OF RICHARD
HAYNES—HIS ATTEMPT TO STAB MR. BUNDY
IN PRISON—HIS CONVERSION AND EXECU-
TION.

IT was not only on the mountain top, in the house of God, in the streets, highways, and hedges, and by the bedside of the sick and dying that Mr. Bundy was found preaching the 'Gospel of the blessed God'; he was peculiarly adapted, also, to visit the dark recesses of prisons, and took special delight in offering salvation to the guilty captive and to the condemned criminal. He was rendered singularly useful to the prisoners in Newgate, Bristol, and both by day and night he was unwearied in his attention to them.

So well known was he, and so highly were his disinterested motives appreciated, that, with the exception of the appointed Chaplain, he was the only person who had access at all times to this place of confinement. Not many

in the great day of accounts will be found, to whom the words of the Judge of heaven and earth will be more applicable, 'I was sick and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.'

The distressed condition of many of the prisoners whom he visited so painfully impressed him, that sometimes, on returning home, he was deprived of all relish for food, and would say to his family, 'What am I better than they whom I have been endeavouring to benefit?'

When he met with persons in prison whose offences were then likely to expose them to death,—though, in the present altered state of the law, they would happily be visited with a much lighter punishment,—he left no means untried to save the lives of these culprits; and when his efforts proved successful, he greatly rejoiced, and rendered praise to God. But when a criminal was condemned to die, without any probability of being reprieved, such was his solicitude for his salvation, that he exerted himself incessantly to awaken him to reflection and penitence, and to lead him to Christ.

After attending to his business-engagements throughout the day, he would cheerfully forsake all the comforts of the domestic circle, and spend the whole or part of the night in the cell of the felon, beseeching him to repent

and be reconciled to God. When cautioned by his friends to take more care of his own health, they fearing that his exposure in these circumstances would endanger his life, his reply was uniform, 'I am to "be careful for nothing," for as my day is, so my strength will be.' The lines of one of our hymns very aptly expressed his experience :—

'I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known ;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.'

The foregoing remarks will be best illustrated by giving the particulars of some few cases, out of many others too numerous to be mentioned. Among the prisoners whom he visited was a man named McNamara, a very hardened and dissipated character, who had been guilty of forgery, and was ultimately executed. After some interviews with this wretched man, Mr. Bundy, by the grace of God, was instrumental in bringing him to a sense of his sinfulness. So deep were his convictions, and so alarmed was he at the sight of his awful condition, and the thought of the atrocious crimes he had committed, that he seemed to shudder at their remembrance, and

at the prospect of everlasting misery. Being satisfied of the genuineness of his penitence, and his truly contrite state, Mr. Bundy pointed out to him the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and dwelt on the promise 'that whosoever,' even the vilest of the vile, 'believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life.' Hope was thus awakened in his mind that he might yet obtain salvation, and he earnestly cried at the throne of grace for forgiveness. His cries and tears were not in vain. He who in the days of His flesh said, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,' blotted out his sins as a cloud, and gave to him such an evidence of his acceptance that peace and joy filled his heart. This blessed change so reconciled him to the thought of death, that he desired that his coffin might be brought into his condemned cell. On this request being complied with, he laid himself down in it with the utmost composure, and contemplated even with satisfaction the moment when his execution should remove his spirit from this world of sin and sorrow.

Probably the most remarkable instance of Mr. Bundy's usefulness, that which produced, at the time, the deepest and most lasting impression on the public mind, and which cannot be reviewed, even after the lapse of eighty years, without a feeling of astonish-

ment, was in the case of a man named Richard Haynes, commonly called 'Dick Boy,' one of the most desperate and notorious characters that ever lived. In one of a series of interesting papers, published in the *Bristol Daily Press*, entitled 'The History of Kingswood Forest,' the following account of this daring individual is given. It will be found in the number dated Saturday, November 15th, 1879.

The anonymous writer states: "The notorious "Dick Boy," of whom a life has been written, and who was hanged at Bristol, and the Kaines or Cains family, many of whom were hanged at Gloucester, were from Cockrode and Cadbury. It is recorded of the notorious robber, "Dick Boy," that on a certain evening he agreed with his father, who was also a highwayman, to go out together, and then each to take a certain number of lanes, converging somewhere, and thus forming somewhat of a circle. It was further agreed between them that, during their prowling, either should knock down the first person he came upon and rob him. It so happened that Dick, who was much stronger than his father, got on a long way in his course, and coming upon his father, whom he did not anticipate so soon, sprang upon him, and knocked him down, at the same time dealing him a tremendous kick. The old man feebly gasped out, "Our Dick! Our Dick!"

when Dick, who had raised his foot for another kick, fell on his father, and burst into tears. He knew from the blow he had given that mischief was done. The old man was so injured that Dick had to carry him home on his back, a distance of three miles. Dick is said to have repented in prison.' Such is the statement of the writer in the *Daily Press*.

It was this Richard Haynes who forms the subject of the following history in Mr. Bundy's life. The present writer has been frequently told by his grandmother, Mr. Bundy's widow, as well as by his other relatives, that this man was possessed of extraordinary physical strength, that the knuckles of his fists were twice the size of those of any ordinary person, and that his disposition when offended was most ferocious. At such times, indeed, he resembled a wild beast more than a human being. This desperate character had been transported to Botany Bay for various offences; and when there, had been guilty of such crimes that he was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes, which were inflicted with unusual severity, for he was a terror to the entire neighbourhood. A very stout man, who was regarded as the greatest pugilist in the country, passed by at the time of the flogging, and thinking that Haynes was completely sub-

duced by the treatment he had received, began to reproach him for his deeds ; at which Haynes became so enraged, that, causing all the plaisters to be torn from his back, he challenged his abuser then and there to fight. The challenge was accepted, but in a few minutes Haynes had so terribly beaten his opponent, that the latter lay on the ground as dead. This one circumstance shows the savage wildness of his nature, that neither his painful situation nor the fear of additional punishment could conquer. Such was his conduct afterwards, that his effects were violently seized and distributed, and the hut in which he resided totally destroyed. It is not, however, necessary here to recount his adventures, or to trace his career of profligacy and crime. It will suffice to say that, after his return to England, he committed many robberies in different parts of the country, manifesting cunning and skill as well as resolute daring, and often, when apprehended, contriving to free himself from those who had him in charge. Travelling extensively in the character of a hawker, and being able to assume engaging manners, he contrived to win the affections of several respectable women, married them, obtained possession of their property, and then decamped, so that he was often heard to boast that he had in different places not less than sixteen wives.

At length in July, 1799, Haynes was apprehended on the charge of firing at the officers who were sent to take him into custody on suspicion of having stolen a silver tankard, and was confined in the prison of Newgate, Bristol. His behaviour here, for the space of two or three months, was extremely violent, both to the keeper, who used the most gentle and persuasive means to subdue his turbulent spirit, and also to the other prisoners, who were placed in confinement near him. His conduct was more like that of a wild beast than of a man, and although his hands and ankles were heavily ironed, he was a terror to all around him. They were afraid lest, in one of his fits of passion, he would find an opportunity to perpetrate by his great strength some terrible deed. On more than one occasion it was found necessary to call in the aid of soldiers to subdue him; but these he defied, and, exposing his naked breast to their bayonets, dared them to thrust them through his body. Once, in some unaccountable manner, he got loose from his manacles, and seizing a large carving knife, which by a strange oversight had been left within his reach, he bade defiance to all who sought to approach him. A file of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, endeavoured to intimidate him, but he resolutely refused to surrender, vowing that

he would suffer himself to be hewn in pieces rather than yield.

It was at this precise juncture that the intercourse between Mr. Bundy and this ferocious character commenced, an intercourse which involved incidents, and led to results, too memorable to be allowed to pass into oblivion.

Mr. Bundy, on this occasion, confiding in a higher power, undertook to appease the rage of the culprit. For this purpose the door of the prison was opened, and he calmly and heroically entered it. Haynes at once rushed towards him, and disdainfully said, 'I suppose you are come to try to find out secrets.' 'No, Sir,' replied Mr. Bundy; 'I am come to you in the name of the Lord.' This sentence, delivered in the impressive manner for which the speaker was so remarkable, and accompanied, as it doubtless was, with a Divine influence, seemed at once to exert a paralyzing effect upon the man, and he was conquered. To use Mr. Bundy's laconic words, 'Haynes fell down like a great calf on the ground before that mighty word which breaks the rocks in pieces.' On somewhat recovering himself, his suspicions returned as to Mr. Bundy's intentions and those of the Chaplain, who had previously attempted to see him. He pointedly and earnestly inquired about the objects

sought to be obtained by their interviews with him ; whether they really desired his welfare, or whether their visits were only designed to pry into his actions, for the purpose of bringing them forward at some future time against him.

Mr. Bundy solemnly assured him, that the latter object had not the remotest place in his thoughts ; that nothing he could say or do would, in this respect, injure him ; but that he came to see him with the sole intent of endeavouring to administer some spiritual counsel to him. At the same time he expressed a prayerful hope that, at no distant moment, he might be made, by Divine assistance, the humble instrument of bringing him to a sense of his sinfulness before God, and leading him to trust in the merits of the Saviour for that mercy which was denied to none, however guilty, who penitently come to Him. ‘ If that be really your intention,’ replied Haynes, ‘ of which I now seem to have no doubt, then I apprehend you are come to me in the name of God, and in His name I will henceforth receive your visits.’ He also observed, both with reference to the Chaplain of the jail and to Mr. Bundy, that, though he had travelled in three quarters of the world, this was the first time that any person had taken an interest in his spiritual welfare ; and he sincerely desired that such

visits might be repeated as often as possible. Before leaving his cell, Mr. Bundy, according to his invariable practice, knelt down on the ground, and fervently engaged in prayer on the prisoner's behalf.

This interview was recorded by Mr. Bundy in the following words :

'November 2nd, 1799. This was the first time of my visiting poor Haynes in Newgate, but not without some fear, because he seemed determined, if possible, on committing murder. But it pleased God so to order it, that what was said affected his mind in such a manner that the lion became a lamb.'

This special interposition of Divine Providence deeply affected Mr. Bundy, and he seemed for some time afterwards to be lost in wonder and gratitude. He knew not how to be sufficiently thankful for this signal instance of almighty grace.

On their second interview, Mr. Bundy asked him what he thought of their former conversation. He replied, 'If what you advanced be true, I must candidly confess that I have always been in a wrong course.' He then expressed himself satisfied with the candour and tenderness of the Chaplain, who had recently left him, and spoke of his painful recollection of the suspicions he had once cherished. He also seemed to feel much contrition for his

unruly conduct at the commencement of his confinement, especially towards the jailer, and said the sole amends he could make was by confessing his faults and by expressing his heartfelt sorrow for the same.

It is presumed that the Sacred Scriptures had been given to him to read, or that he had paid marked attention to them on their being read in his presence ; for, on this occasion, he repeated from memory the following verses from the eighty-eighth psalm: 'Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and Thou hast afflicted me with all Thy waves. Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me ; Thou hast made me an abomination unto them. I am shut up and I cannot come forth.'

Shortly afterwards Mr. Bundy repeated his visit, but found, on inquiry, that Haynes had not conducted himself with that propriety towards the jailer which was to be expected from his past promises. On being reminded of these, and reproved accordingly, he admitted that he had been overcome by the same passions as before ; proving that, though there was reason to hope that he had been in some degree brought under a religious influence, yet his character was not essentially changed. There was evidence, notwithstanding, that some seeds of truth had been sown in his

heart, for after a brief conversation he seemed to be convinced of his evil tempers and ways, and expressed an earnest desire for amendment. He then repeated a portion of the fifty-first psalm, laying emphasis on these words of penitence : ' Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness ; according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.'

On December 6th Mr. Bundy visited him again, and wrote with reference to this interview : ' Haynes seemed to be looking up to God for mercy, for he cried, " Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. Remember not the sins of my youth." In consequence of this apparently favourable change in him, he was allowed to have more liberty than usual. Mr. Bundy was particularly hopeful and thankful, and was thus led to take the step about to be mentioned, and which was connected with one of the most startling and terrifying incidents that ever happened in the history of any individual whose labours have been devoted to reclaim the outcasts. No doubt after much prayerful consideration, he resolved to spend the whole of one night with Haynes in his dungeon. He accordingly communicated his intentions to the proper authorities, who, being

sensible of the violent character of the prisoner, were for a time very properly opposed to his wishes. Whether under the prison regulations of the present day such a course would be permitted, is extremely doubtful. The benevolent labours and religious usefulness, however, of Mr. Bundy were so widely known and so highly appreciated, that what would not have been tolerated under ordinary circumstances was at length in his case reluctantly yielded to. He was strongly cautioned, however, not to allow himself to be within reach of the culprit, for it was considered by all to be personally dangerous to be near him.

The eventful evening came, and, as Mr. Bundy entered the cell in which the prisoner was confined, he was painfully affected, as he said afterwards, 'with the sight of a fellow creature lying at full length on the floor, owing to the weight of his chains, which prevented him from having the free use of his hands or feet.' His compassionate heart was stirred within him, and he earnestly requested, as a favour to himself, that at least one hand and one foot of Haynes might be liberated. The jailer, for a time, positively refused, fearing the possible consequences, and again and again, entreated Mr. Bundy to desist from urging his request. No arguments or representations, however, could have

any effect upon him ; for having an intense desire to be an instrument of good to the criminal, and being strongly impressed with a sense of duty, he feared no danger, but committed himself to the care of that Almighty Being, whose he was, feeling assured that He whom he served would protect him.

As the clock struck ten, the jailer left them, turning the locks of three massive doors upon them, the sound of which distinctly fell upon the ears of Mr. Bundy as he was engaged in giving religious instruction to the prisoner, so that escape was impossible, had it been thought of for a single moment, nor could human aid be afforded, however urgently needed. Immediately that all was still, and no sound heard but the subdued voices of the two in the gloomy cell, the darkness of which was only relieved by the light of a small, flickering lamp, Haynes suddenly started to his feet, as though then possessed by some evil spirit, bent on preventing his good and effecting his destruction. Raising the hand that had been liberated, and grasping a large clasp-knife, which hitherto he had concealed behind a stone in the wall, in spite of the vigilance exercised over him, he fiercely advanced to Mr. Bundy, and with a voice and countenance as of a demon, exclaimed, '*Now thou art in my power : I will kill thee.*' Mr. Bundy, for the

moment, thought that his end was come; but instantaneously, like a flash of lightning, as though a voice from heaven spoke unto him, these words passed through his mind, 'Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above.' Immediately he was endued with a faith that banished all fear, and with the greatest composure addressed the enraged culprit in some such words as these: 'Now, my friend, what harm have I done you, and what service would my death be to you? I am not afraid to die; but if you were to take my life away your guilt would be fearfully aggravated by such a crime, and it might render your salvation impossible.' Although the felon seemed to struggle to aim the fatal stroke, it was as if an unseen power held back his arm, and he was nerveless. The paroxysm of fury passed as suddenly as it had seized him. Bursting into a flood of tears, he threw down the knife on the ground, fell prostrate at Mr. Bundy's feet, and implored forgiveness. He then stated that it had been his original intention not to leave the prison alive; but now he resolved that he would never again lift his hand against his own life, or that of any other person.

We cannot but be reminded by this extraordinary incident of the fact related by the

evangelists of the devil throwing down and tearing a demoniac with great violence, at the instant previous to his expulsion by the Saviour. In the case of Haynes it would appear as if this outburst of passion was the last desperate effort of Satan to retain his hold of one who had been throughout life a slave to his diabolical impulses. From this time it is emphatically recorded that he appeared to be more deeply convinced of his sinfulness, and to be oppressed with the burden of his past offences.

This is evident from his own expressions. He observed 'that he recognised the wisdom and mercy of God in placing him in his present circumstances, in order to bring him to a proper sense of his moral and spiritual condition.'

He imploringly inquired whether it was possible that such a person as he was could be saved, for he believed that no one could have been so extremely wicked and vicious as himself. He bitterly complained of the intense hardness of his heart, and entreated that he might be allowed to remain during the rest of his confinement separate from the other prisoners, so that he might have time to be more engaged with God in seeking salvation. His agony of mind was intense, and during prayer offered in his behalf he wept aloud, crying in

the anguish of his spirit: 'My life has been nothing but sin! Lord, what shall I do? Oh that I had before now met with persons who would have spoken to me on spiritual subjects!' From the apparent genuineness and depth of his repentance, it was believed that the time was fully come for words of peace and comfort to be spoken to him. He was assured that persons as wicked as himself had sought and obtained mercy, and that Jesus Christ came into the world to save the worst of sinners; and he was exhorted not to be satisfied until he obtained the assurance that his sins were forgiven through the blood of the Cross.

Mr. Bundy remarks, in reference to a visit paid shortly after this: 'At my next meeting with him he appeared to be more cheerful; met me with much affection, seemed glad at my return, and intimated that he had something to tell me. He then stated that he had had little rest during the night, had struggled much with the adversary of souls, but repeating the words of the psalmist, said, "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God; He heard my voice out of His temple, and my cry came before Him, even into His ears." He thought he was much happier, and did not believe that God intended man should be always a miserable being, and then emphatically added, "The Lord was angry with

me ; but His anger is turned away, and He comforts me.”

From these utterances, it is but just to believe, with those who were personally acquainted with all the particulars of this memorable case, that the mercy of God had been extended to this reprobate character, and that though he had been one of the vilest of sinners, yet through the merits of the Saviour he had become reconciled to God.

From this time Mr. Bundy seems to have made separate entries in his Journal, recording his several interviews with Haynes up to the period of his trial and execution. Some of these records may here be appropriately inserted, giving them in the elliptical form in which they were first published.

‘March 30th, 1800. Haynes : “I hope God will undertake for me, and that I shall not perish, but be brought to everlasting life.”

‘April 2nd. Before the trial. Haynes : “O my only friend ! though we know not what twelve men—alluding to the jury—will do with a man’s body, we know that God is able to take care of the soul. May my mind be fixed on God ! I wish I had begun earlier to seek Him ; but though men may take away my life, they are only instruments in the hands of God to be the means of saving my soul. I

have been the chief of sinners. My life has been nothing but sin; but as you have informed me that Christ came to save sinners, as such I come to God. I find it absolutely necessary to be in earnest. A thought struck me just now, as to how I used to behave when I was in my sins and wickedness; when fighting with a person I always exerted my utmost ability to overcome him. I hope I shall now, in a spiritual way, employ all my powers to conquer the enemy of mankind; and pray to God for me that I may succeed."

'5th. *Haynes*: "Dear friend and brother,—for such I call you, and well I may, God knows,—I wish I had known you before; it would not have been with me like this, for God knows I never met with a person who spoke to me about my soul till I came into this prison."

'9th. *Haynes*: "Worthy friend, this is awful indeed; you have heard by this time what they intend to do with me" (*alluding to his trial and sentence*); "but never mind, they can only have my life, and that is all. It may be it was the will of God it should be so, to save my poor soul. Lord, grant it may!"

It is recorded, as an evidence of the change which had taken place in him, that after he

had been capitally convicted he was never heard to find fault with the jury for their verdict, nor with the judge for the sentence of death he had passed on him.

On several succeeding days his language, when Mr. Bundy visited him, generally was : 'I was wishing for you : I hope God has come with you. I bless God for sending you. O how good God is to my soul ! Every meeting seems to be better ; this is good indeed. I find I have been the chief of sinners. My life has been nothing but sin ; but I believe God will save me.'

'20th. *Haynes* : "I think if God had spared me, I should have been as much in earnest for Him as I have been for the devil. This is the last Sabbath I shall spend on earth, and I hope it will be a good one.'"

This hope was realised. It was the day on which the Chaplain of the jail preached what is usually termed 'the condemned sermon,' in the chapel adjoining the prison ; and both *Haynes* and another convict, who had been sentenced to death, were present. The sermon was one of much faithfulness and solemnity, and was listened to with the attention and seriousness befitting the occasion. Subsequently the other prisoner was unexpect-

edly reprieved ; but the capital punishment in the case of Haynes was executed, his crimes being of such a character that no amount of influence could possibly obtain a commutation of the sentence.

As the period drew near for him to suffer, he was intensely anxious that Mr. Bundy should be as seldom absent from him as possible, remarking that during his visits the time passed so profitably away, and the hours were less irksome than they would be if he were allowed to indulge in his own painful reflections in solitude.

He strongly objected to be seen by strangers, and no one else was permitted to visit him excepting Mr. Hugh Roberts, commonly called 'Hughey Roberts,' a man of eccentric habits, but one of peculiar devotedness and piety, whose fervent prayers had been rendered a great blessing to him. The writer has a distinct recollection of this remarkable man. He had been in the navy for years, had fought under Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, was present at that heroic admiral's death, and retained through life the singularly brusque manners he had formed during his sea-faring career. When the writer commenced his religious course as a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, and a Local Preacher, Mr. Roberts was the Leader of three or four large classes in Bristol, comprising in

the aggregate not fewer than a hundred members. Although his conduct, at times, towards some of these, especially the lukewarm and careless, was marked by much sternness and abrupt severity, yet he was loved by them as a father, and his death was deeply felt and extensively mourned.

At this time Haynes appeared much concerned about the disposal of his body after death. He was anxious to be decently and safely interred and the more so as Bristol, like some other places, was then infested with a gang of resurrectionists. He remarked that he had no friends to whom he could look, who were in circumstances to bear the expense of the kind of interment which he desired to have, and that all his own money had been expended on counsel for his defence at his trial. To relieve his mind on all such subjects, and as far as possible to disengage his thoughts from all earthly entanglements, Mr. Bundy promised him to undertake the management of the whole of those affairs at his own expense. He satisfied him that he would provide a hearse to convey his body from the place of execution to be buried in the crypt of St. Michael's Church,—leave for the purpose having been obtained previously from the rector, the Rev. Mr. Wilkins—and that he would have it for a time securely guarded. Thereupon Haynes expressed his

great thankfulness, and observed, 'Now I shall have nothing else to occupy my thoughts, but the state of my soul, and my everlasting destiny.'

'22nd. *Haynes* : "I find the devil striving hard with me by his subtle and powerful temptations ; and sometimes I think if he would only appear in a bodily form like a man, that I should be able to take vengeance upon him."

'23rd. *Haynes* : "O, what pleasure I find in looking up to God. My spirit is refreshed indeed : I cannot be too thankful for it."

'24th. *Haynes* : "My dear brother, what pains you have taken with me to lead me to salvation. I hope God will bless you eternally for it. It is twenty-six weeks since you first came to me, into this cell, at night ; and what a change has taken place during that time !""

Mr. Bundy remarks 'that the manner in which Satan buffeted him was remarkable, but the grace of God enabled him to overcome all his assaults'; and he adds: 'For the last twenty years during which I have visited Newgate, this instance of the saving power of the Holy Spirit is the most signal I have ever met with, and one in which more of the Divine energy has been seen and felt than in any other. Surely nothing but the almighty mercy of God

could have changed such a sinner, so ignorant, so vicious, and so hardened !'

The next record is deeply affecting : 'The whole of the last night previous to the prisoner's execution was spent by the Chaplain and myself with him in his cell. The passing hours were employed in watching, praying, singing hymns, and in profitable conversation with the criminal ; and so quickly did the time glide away, that there seemed no inclination in either of us to fall asleep. I never remember to have seen or heard of any one, who in the prospect of the tragic events of the morrow, was so composed and self-possessed. Once only, at midnight, his natural temper, under the temptations of Satan, for a moment displayed itself, and he seemed somewhat perturbed ; but instantly turning round, he fell upon his knees, and prayed fervently and aloud that God would breathe upon him more of the spirit of resignation, and deliver him from everything which would interfere with his cherishing and expressing forgiveness and love to all. We readily and earnestly united with him in his request, and prayer was answered, for we saw nothing of the same temper in him again. After rising from his knees, he audibly gave thanks to God for his deliverance, saying, " that he felt now nothing in his heart contrary to the love of God and-

man." Truly this was the bestowment of special grace, preparing him for the moment of trial about to happen. The evidence of it was soon given; for when the officers of the law entered his cell, as they did soon afterwards, to perform their painful duties, such was his submissive behaviour in their hands, that they were struck with astonishment to find him so different from what he was at the commencement of his imprisonment, and so contrary to their fears.'

Mr. Bundy continues: 'Whilst he was engaged with us in singing a hymn, the approach of the under-sheriff was announced. He then with a firm but rather hasty step left his cell, and with an unfaltering gait proceeded through the passages of his prison-house, and, to the surprise of all present, ascended the cart without assistance.'

In explanation of this last statement, and for the purpose of conveying information to many who are entirely unacquainted with the practices of those times,—practices so different from those of the present day,—the following facts are given. It was the established custom in Bristol eighty years ago (and a similar usage obtained in other places), to convey malefactors to the place of execution in an open conveyance. The situation chosen for the purpose was the top of St. Michael's Hill, then

on the outskirts of the city, where some large elm trees grew, from one of the boughs of which the rope was suspended, by which the culprit was hanged. The aspect of the place, which formed the scene of the death-struggles of many, is now entirely changed. The neighbourhood is one of great respectability, where some of the merchant princes of the city reside in elegant mansions, and is now known by the name of Cotham, merging into the beautiful neighbourhood of Clifton.

The exact spot on which the gallows stood, or rather from which it hung, is now the site of the commodious chapel in which the late lamented Rev. David Thomas exercised for years his powerful and useful ministry. No greater contrast could be presented. Then it was the place to which multitudes of the lowest grades of human society resorted to gaze upon the affecting and humiliating spectacle of their fellow creatures enduring the last penalty of the law. Now it is the site of a Christian sanctuary, to which the worshippers of the living God bend their steps on His holy day, to hear the sound of the everlasting Gospel, and to sing, and praise, and pray.

But to return to our narrative. Mr. Bundy states: 'Haynes frequently said to me as I sat by his side in the cart, "I suppose the crowd of persons who will assemble to see me

hanged will expect to find me looking a desperate and daring fellow from the character they have heard of me: but through the goodness of God towards me they will be disappointed; for when I come to the fatal tree, I shall throw myself like a lamb into the hands of my Maker." On his way to the gallows he joined me in singing some hymns suited to the occasion, and many remarked afterwards that his voice was heard above that of any other person. He several times expressed a wish that he might be the last to suffer in a similar manner, and feelingly said, "that though God had been very merciful to him in converting his soul, yet he had been a miserable sinner." On asking him how he felt, and whether the crowded throng at all distracted his mind, he replied, "Not in the least; and it is with much pleasure that I look forward to the end of my sufferings."

On his arrival at the place of execution he joined in singing the following verses:—

' Whilst on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with the clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

' Where Jesus dwells, I fain would be,
And wish my much-loved Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 't is far better to depart.'

The inquiry was then made, in solemn and impressive words, what his experience was at that critical moment. He immediately answered: 'I am wonderfully supported. I have no fear, and never recollect being so happy in all my life as at present.' He expressed a desire to depart and to be with Christ, saying, 'God is faithful, who has promised to be with me, and He will not forsake me now.' At his own request, and on account of the inclemency of the weather, the rain descending heavily the whole of the time, he was kept but a short period under the fatal tree. Mr. Bundy and afterwards the Chaplain committed his soul to God in prayer, and having taken an affecting leave of him, the conveyance in which they were instantly moved on, and he, commending himself into the hands of his Saviour, was launched into eternity.

Thus terminated the earthly course of one of the most notorious felons that ever lived, but one of the mightiest trophies of Divine grace ever snatched as a brand from everlasting burnings.

After hanging the usual time, his body was taken down, and, in fulfilment of the promise made to him by Mr. Bundy, was conveyed in a hearse to St. Michael's Church, situated at the foot of the hill on which he was executed,

and deposited in the crypt of the same, where it remained properly guarded until the Sunday morning following. About eight o'clock on that day, his aged father and some other relatives being present, his remains were interred. The burial service was impressively read by the Chaplain of the jail, in the presence of a large crowd of persons, who seemed deeply and awfully affected at the warning given of the consequences in this life which follow the perpetration of heinous crimes. The funeral service being ended, the assembly joined in singing a hymn appropriate to the occasion, which was followed by a faithful and stirring exhortation. The congregation then slowly retired, apparently under the influence of deep and lasting impressions.

Mr. Bundy, who, from first to last, took the deepest interest in his case, remarks that 'Haynes had naturally a strong understanding, a generous disposition, and was keenly susceptible of acts of kindness shown to him.' He believed that had he been favoured in youth with an ordinary secular and religious education, he would most probably not only have been restrained from pursuing the reckless course he did, but would have attained to a respectable and useful position in society. In one respect his natural affection was worthy of imitation, for as long as he had it in his

power he] did all he could to support his parents and other members of his family. But his case stands as a trophy of the power of Divine grace, and of the abounding mercy of God in Christ; while it affords a beautiful illustration of the blessing vouchsafed to persevering Christian effort, sustained by a lively faith, and marked by that spirit of self-sacrifice which only the Holy Ghost can inspire.



CHAPTER VIII.

PHILANTHROPIC LABOURS, CONTINUED—WILLIAM CARTER—SUCCESSFUL INTERCESSION FOR A FORGER—HIS LADY'S GRATITUDE—REFUSAL OF MONEY—VISITS TO PRISONS IN LONDON—LETTER OF THE LORD MAYOR—INFLUENCE WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

THE attention and labour devoted by Mr. Bundy to the striking case narrated in the preceding chapter were repeated in reference to another, which occurred about sixteen years afterwards, only about two years before his own death, and which is still remembered by some now living, far advanced in age. It was that of a person named William Carter, and is deserving of notice, since he seems to have been the last person executed in Bristol at the place and in the manner already described.

This individual was born in the neighbourhood of Pontypool in the year 1784, of very indigent parents, and was one of six children, the youngest of whom was yet unborn when his pro-

fligate father absconded from home, and was not heard of by his family afterwards. His mother and her children were in consequence reduced to circumstances of penury and want. William, however, remained about his native place until he was sixteen years of age ; but having had such a bad example set before him by his father, it is not to be wondered at that he entered upon a course of crime, which eventually brought him to an untimely end. He was apprehended for some serious offence, and confined in the prison at Newgate, Bristol. In April, 1816, Mr. Bundy received a note, in which he was earnestly requested to be kind enough to visit him. With his usual promptitude to engage in works of mercy he at once acceded to the request, hoping to be of some service to the culprit, as he had often been to others under similar circumstances. In this instance, however, he found a person as utterly ignorant of the things of religion as though he had been born of heathen parents, and brought up in a state of barbarism. He knew nothing of God or of Christ, of the spiritual nature of man, or of a future state of being.

Mr. Bundy had to begin his instructions at the foundation of all moral and religious truth. His own words, which he frequently uttered, were, ' We are taking great pains to convert the heathen abroad, but we have them at

home ; for there cannot be a more benighted character than William Carter.'

After a few visits this person was brought, by the influence of the Holy Spirit accompanying the instruction given to him, vividly to apprehend his sinful condition before God, and his exposure to the Divine wrath, both in this world and the world to come. He became deeply convinced of his guilt and depravity, and felt the burden of his sin to be intolerable.

Feeling himself on the brink of endless ruin, he cried in the depths of his distress, 'O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?' 'God be merciful to me a sinner !' After groaning for some days, under the 'Spirit of bondage' awakening 'fear' and 'remorse,' he was encouraged to look to the mercy of God revealed in Christ Jesus, and to trust in the Redeemer's sacrifice for pardon. He did so, and not in vain ; he obtained a clear and direct assurance that all his transgressions were blotted out, and began to testify, not only to Mr. Bundy, but to the Chaplain of the jail and to some Dissenting Ministers who were admitted to see him, that he had become 'a child of God.'

On April 21st, 1816, when Mr. Bundy entered his cell, he said : 'If I had as many years to live as I have days, O, how I would live to the Lord ! I think I should not commit

another sin, for the things which I once loved I now hate, and the things which I formerly hated I now love.'

On the following day he said to Mr. Bundy, 'The time seems to pass so rapidly when you are with me; for the Lord opens my understanding to perceive the things of religion with increasing clearness.'

On the 24th, as Mr. Bundy opened his prison door, he exclaimed, 'How is it that all the doubts that I once had of ever being happy are all gone, and I feel no fear of dying?' He was asked whether he loved God, and at once replied, 'I believe I do, better than I ever loved anything in all my life, and I shall soon be with Him.'

On the 25th, with a kind of exultation, he said, 'I shall tell the people to-morrow, when being conveyed to the place of execution, to seek after that God who has done so much for me, and who so greatly blesses me; and especially so, when I arrive at the spot.' Mr. Bundy replied: 'William, that will never do; for if you exhibit the same joyfulness then as you do now, it will certainly be misunderstood, and perhaps misrepresented, by the multitude present. You should remember that you are not going there to talk, but to die; and as you cannot make the people understand what you feel, you had better be silent, and calmly and resignedly cherish the

hope of everlasting life you have.' With great docility of spirit, he then said, 'Well, I will do as you wish me, if you think it best.'

According to Mr. Bundy's usual custom, he spent the whole of the night previous to the prisoner's execution with him in his condemned cell, and as the morning dawned Carter joyously exclaimed: 'This day I shall be with my Saviour in paradise, for what a blessed night we have had in this prison! O how happy my soul is now! and soon will be happier still. I shall leave this cold cell, and dwell for ever in mansions of light. And then, addressing Mr. Bundy, said, 'I will endeavour to attend to all you desired me, until we arrive at the fatal tree; you will then commit my soul to God in prayer, and I will die looking to the Lord Jesus Christ to receive my spirit.' All this was faithfully performed; and, as we have said, William Carter was the last culprit who expiated the crimes of which he had been guilty at this unsuitable place, and under circumstances which would now be deemed repulsive and revolting.

The attention and solicitude of Mr. Bundy were not confined to the spiritual welfare of those whom he visited in prison. After the execution of prisoners he cared for the temporal interests of those of their families who, by their awful bereavement, had been left

utterly destitute. One instance of this may here be mentioned. In the year 1794 a person named Charles Powell suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Bristol, leaving an orphan daughter entirely dependent upon the charity of others. This young girl, whose name was Margaret, Mr. Bundy took into his house, and maintained her, almost as one of his family, for the space of twelve months. He then obtained for her an eligible situation in London, where she was afterwards married, and lived in very comfortable and respectable circumstances. The sad end of her father was effectually concealed from her, and she was regarded by all who knew her as in some way related to the Bundy family.

In pursuing his career of active and untiring benevolence, Mr. Bundy was occasionally brought into contact with cases of considerable interest and importance, one of which, on account of its peculiar surroundings, may be specially mentioned.

While visiting the prisons in Bristol, he became acquainted with a person who had moved in highly respectable circles, but who unhappily, in a moment of extreme commercial embarrassment, had yielded to temptation and forged a bill to a large amount on an opulent merchant in London. Having made himself acquainted with the particulars of this case, and

with what appeared to be extenuating circumstances, Mr. Bundy felt much concerned about it, and was anxious to save this person, if possible, from an untimely end. Previous to the period appointed for the trial, he suddenly left home, without mentioning the reason to his family, or indeed to any one. Had he been a man of irregular habits, such an occurrence would have excited alarm; but, having unbounded confidence in his integrity and devotedness to every good word and work, his friends felt assured that he had absented himself on some errand of mercy which required secrecy, and that he would in due time return as usual; it not being the first instance in which he had so acted.

It appears that he went to London,—no easy undertaking in those days of slow stage coach travelling,—with the intention of searching out the residence of the merchant on whom the bill had been forged, and seeking an interview with him, to intercede on behalf of the confined delinquent. With considerable difficulty he found out the mansion where the gentleman lived. He then sought an introduction to his presence; but here the obstacle seemed to be insurmountable. The servant was unwilling to admit into his master's parlour a man so plain in his dress, and unpretending in his manner. The representation, however,

made by Mr. Bundy of the urgency of his errand and the momentous character of his business eventually secured his admission, but even now his difficulties were not at an end. The gentleman demanded, with a stern countenance and in peremptory tones, the nature of the business on which the visitor had called. 'Sir,' said Mr. Bundy, in his own firm and thoughtful, but obliging, manner, 'I understand that there is confined in His Majesty's jail at Bristol a person who has forged a bill upon you.' 'I know there is,' interrupted the gentleman; 'and what of that?' Mr. Bundy calmly answered, 'I have taken the liberty, without his knowledge, or that of any other person, to come to London for the purpose of entreating mercy for him.' 'Mercy, sir!' was the sudden reply; 'he has committed the deed, and has richly deserved to be hanged; and hang he shall: and what have you to say in arrest of the punishment he has so justly merited?' 'I am perfectly aware,' said Mr. Bundy, 'that by the laws of his country his act is a capital offence, and if you appear against him, the probability is he will be sentenced to death; but will you, for the sake of a paltry sum of money, which, in a moment of sudden temptation, the guilty party sought to wrong you of, but which he will take the earliest opportunity to refund to you, seek to

hang a fellow creature, who is now sorry for his deed, and thus render him liable to everlasting destruction? I beseech you, sir, as you desire the mercy of God, to pause before you thus act.' All the arguments and entreaties of Mr. Bundy, however, seemed to be of no avail; and he rose reluctantly, doubtless in tears, to leave the presence of the gentleman. But when about to depart, two of his children playfully ran into the parlour, and in their frolicsome mood went up to Mr. Bundy, and put their arms around his legs. This incident was regarded by him as a direct interposition of Divine providence. Putting himself into such an attitude that the gentleman could see his face, he inquired if those were his children. 'I believe they are,' was the reply. Thereupon Mr. Bundy, placing one hand on the head of the elder, and the other on the head of the younger, raised his streaming eyes, his countenance expressing mingled benignity and sorrow, and prayed in a manner peculiarly his own: 'My dear children, may God Almighty grant that *you* may never stand in need of a friend to ask mercy for you!' He then left the house, and shortly afterwards returned from London to Bristol. A few days afterwards, the assizes in the city commenced; the case of forgery was called, the indictment against the prisoner read, but the prosecutor

was sought for in vain ; and no one appearing against the criminal, the man was liberated.

Such an incident as this needs no comment. Words would only weaken the effect it is calculated to produce. But no properly constituted mind can read it without coming to the conclusion that, in the providence of God, the prayer of Mr. Bundy for the merchant's children awakened those thoughts within him, and led to those reflections, which issued in the result stated,—a result which no arguments or entreaties could accomplish.

The part taken by Mr. Bundy in this case soon became known, and the cause of the unusual and abrupt termination of the trial was more than suspected, which led to the following interesting circumstance.

A few days afterwards a lady drove up in her carriage to his counting-house, and earnestly inquired whether Mr. Bundy was at home. Having a vivid impression who the person was, and what was the object of her errand, he playfully said, ' I think he is, madam ; but if you will entrust me with a message, I will see that it is duly conveyed to him.' The reply was sudden and definite. ' No, sir ! my business is with Mr. Bundy himself ; and it is a matter of too much importance for any one else to transact. ' My name is Bundy,' was the rejoinder. ' James Bundy ? ' inquired the

lady. 'Yes,' was the answer. But doubtless thinking that her husband's benefactor must be a different person from the plain man before her, she desired to know whether there was any one else of the same name in the city. 'There may be,' was the apparently unconcerned reply; 'but I am not aware that there is. It is very likely that I am the person you desire to see.' Immediately on these words being uttered, the lady burst into tears, fell down on her knees in his presence, and with the deepest emotions expressed her gratitude to him for his unwonted kindness in exerting himself on behalf of her husband, and in being the instrument of saving his life. On rising from the ground, she placed in his hands a slip of paper, desiring his acceptance of it as a feeble acknowledgment of her obligations. On looking at it, he perceived it to be a twenty pound note. He at once returned it to her, saying: 'No, madam; this will not do by any means. I did not perform the act for any such remuneration. I have already received my reward in the consciousness of doing good. I will not accept of the money.' She then said, 'But as you must have been put to much expense in visiting London on my husband's account, I beseech you to permit me to reimburse this amount at least.' 'No,' was the firm and unmistakable answer; 'I will accept of nothing of the kind. I never act on such

principles. Keep your money, and apply it to a more charitable use.' This spirit of self-renunciation pervaded the whole of his active and benevolent life.

He did not confine his labours of philanthropy to Bristol and its neighbourhood, but wherever he heard of cases of need, and there seemed the remotest probability of his being made of service to others, no distance could deter him from making the effort, and no exertions were spared to secure the hoped-for result. The following instance may be adduced in illustration. Having been informed that several prisoners in Newgate, London, were under sentence of death for some combined offence, and of the possibility of their lives being spared, if only certain measures were adopted, he resolved to make the attempt to save them. At much personal inconvenience, and at the expense of much time and exertion, he set out on his benevolent and self-imposed mission, which at the outset seemed to be a hopeless undertaking, but in the providence of God was eventually successful. He was almost invariably reticent on the subject of his own labours of love, but in this instance he has been heard to express himself in terms of grateful satisfaction, and to regard this achievement as being the happiest event of his life.

Whilst in London, on this occasion, he ob-

tained official permission to visit the prisons in the metropolis as often as he could find it convenient to do so, and this permission was never afterwards refused.

Here it may be convenient to refer to another visit to the metropolis to benefit the prisoners confined there, although it occurred later in his history, when age and infirmity were stealing rapidly upon him. At a time when his state of health might well have dissuaded him from the effort, he resolved, while yet he had some strength, to go again to London, to visit all the jails. Having obtained the necessary order from the then Lord Mayor, he was freely admitted to the several parts of the various prisons. In one of them he was startled to find no less than thirty felons under sentence of death thoughtlessly engaged in playing at games of chance. Shocked at the sight, he ventured to express his surprise that persons in their circumstances should be so regardless of a future state as to waste the precious moments of their few remaining days on earth in amusements so trivial and worthless. They immediately answered, 'Why no one cares for our souls.' 'Yes,' was the firm but persuasive reply, 'I do, and have come a distance of a hundred and twenty miles to see you, and to talk with you about spiritual and eternal things.' One of them thereupon exclaimed, 'Here, Jack,'

addressing a fellow convict, 'is a man who says he has come a hundred and twenty miles to see us ; come, and hear what he has to say.' They all soon gathered around him, while in his own plain, earnest, and impressive manner he spoke to them of the value of their souls, and the imperative necessity of spending the rest of their time on earth in penitently seeking to be reconciled to God through Christ, and thus to be prepared for their latter end. Their attention was at once arrested and fixed ; their hearts were subdued ; their eyes were suffused with tears ; and on their requesting him to prolong his visit, he continued with them the whole of the ensuing night. In the morning he left them, but in the course of the day he came again to see them, and remained with them another night, spending it in prayer and religious conversation. When the time arrived for him finally to leave them, he commended them in prayer to the mercy of God, and then bade them farewell : they thanking him for his kind attention, and he fully impressed with the belief that at least some of them were under serious concern for their spiritual welfare.

During this visit to London he saw and spoke to upwards of six hundred prisoners, and, though in very feeble health, he performed this arduous undertaking without having taken off his clothes, or slept in a bed, from the time he

left his home until the night he returned, as may easily be supposed, in a state of great exhaustion.

The following letter, referring to this visit, was written by the Lord Mayor, and sent to the friends of Mr. Bundy shortly after his decease:—

‘ 77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON,

‘April 4th, 1818.

‘ I can, with great pleasure and satisfaction, bear my testimony to the arduous zeal displayed by the late Rev. Mr. Bundy, in his laudable endeavours to direct to virtue and repentance the wretched inmates of our prisons. He was ever ready on all occasions to ameliorate the condition of his fellow creatures who needed his assistance.

‘ I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

‘ M. WOOD.’

Such was the intense anxiety of Mr. Bundy—amounting almost to a passion—for the spiritual welfare of all classes of prisoners, that his wife has been heard to say, that he would frequently get out of bed in the night, when he supposed she was asleep, and wrestle with the Lord in mighty prayer on their behalf. It was his settled and cherished conviction, that simple, earnest, believing prayer offered

in the name of Jesus, cannot be offered in vain. Of this his own history afforded signal illustrations ; for God, in many remarkable instances, honoured His faithful servant by vouchsafing speedy and special answers to his supplications. There can be no doubt that it was the influence which resulted from his power with God in prayer that enabled him unconsciously to wield the authority he did over others, and even over the worst of characters. One illustration of this last remark is furnished in the following incident, which he related at the time to some of his friends.

One evening, when returning home after preaching at Keynsham, a village five miles from Bristol, on the road to Bath, he was waylaid by some ruffian, who suddenly sprang upon him and demanded his money. There being sufficient light for him to discern the man's face, he, without the slightest indication of fear, calmly but firmly said, ' My friend, I have been to the gallows with many a better looking man than thou art.' Whether the robber was reminded of the well known practice of Mr. Bundy, and suspected that he was in his presence, or whether it was simply the influence above referred to that affected him, it is difficult to determine ; but the penetrating glance which accompanied the unexpected reply so arrested and overawed the man, that he

instantly became a humble suppliant, and earnestly begged for mercy. He added that nothing but utter destitution had driven him to such a desperate mode of obtaining relief. In the spirit of his Master, who 'went about doing good,' Mr. Bundy expostulated with the highwayman on the evil and danger of his course, which, if persisted in, must lead to his temporal and eternal ruin. He then relieved his necessities, observing, as he handed him some money, that he gave it to him, not because he demanded it so feloniously, but because he credited his statement that he was perishing with hunger.



CHAPTER IX.

A VISITOR OF THE SICK—INSTANCES OF FAITHFULNESS—CASES OF RELIGIOUS NEGLECT—ANSWERS TO PRAYER—THE STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY—SCENE IN A HOVEL—EXTENSIVE LIBERALITY—LABOURS FOR THE POOR AND NEEDY—SATURDAY EVENING PRACTICES—SUBMISSION UNDER AFFLICTION AND LOSSES—TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

IN visiting the sick Mr. Bundy had very few equals, and it would be difficult to find any that excelled him in the performance of this important religious duty. It was found from his Journals, which he minutely kept, and which were seen not long before his death, that he had visited not less than forty thousand cases of affliction, many of these being also cases of deep poverty. Some of his visits to sick persons are sufficiently interesting to deserve special notice.

On one occasion a lady of great respectability and ample fortune, who was apparently near death, sent for him, to converse with him

on the subject of her spiritual interests. He went to see her without delay, but having spoken to her very faithfully on experimental religion, and prayed with her, said that he could not see her again unless she gave proof of her earnest desire for salvation, by laying aside all costly ornaments from her head-dress, specially referring to some expensive ear-rings she was wearing. Doubtless he perceived that her love of finery, and her fondness for outward show, formed an insurmountable obstacle to her receiving the truth in all simplicity; and that it was necessary, in her case, for such a sacrifice to be made, as an evidence of her willingness to forsake everything for the Lord. It was a bold requirement to make, but his faithfulness shunned not the task.

There was an inward struggle against compliance; but an overwhelming sense of her guilty and miserable condition prevailed by the grace of God, and she promised to renounce all for Christ. Thereupon Mr. Bundy cheerfully agreed to continue his visits, and he did so until the lady was enabled to rejoice in a sense of the forgiveness of her sins.

Here it should be stated that he was an uncompromising enemy to all superfluous dress and expensive luxuries, against which, both in public and private, he expressed himself in unmistakable terms. He was faithful in this

respect—some will say too severely so—in the congregations to which he preached. Whenever he detected anything of the kind in the places which he was appointed to visit, he would sternly and unflinchingly give utterance to such words as these: ‘You come and sit amongst the Lord’s people, but we know to whom you belong; you wear the devil’s flag, and are not ashamed of his livery. O beware of everything which would cheat you out of personal religion.’

At another time, a gentleman who resided not far from his own house sent for him suddenly in the dead of night. He immediately rose from his bed, and attended to the summons. On entering the sick man’s chamber he was surprised to hear the voice of one asking forgiveness for his past conduct towards him. The gentleman stated that some time previously he had instructed his servants to insult Mr. Bundy whenever they met him, in every way they could; but he said, ‘I am deeply sorry for the offence I have committed, and have sent for you, to beg your pardon, and to implore an interest in your prayers.’ Both requests of course were readily granted, and his interviews were continued until the penitent sufferer obtained the mercy of God, and was subsequently restored to health.

One day, during the illness of the same

gentleman, when it was believed that he could not recover, Mr. Bundy, on coming down the stairs from his sick room, overheard his wife and daughters contending loudly for the division of the family plate on the expected death of the husband and father. 'Well,' said the lady to him, on his reaching the entrance hall, 'how do you find my dear husband to-day?' 'Madam,' was the reply, 'much better, I should suppose, than either you or your daughters would have him to be, judging from the manner in which you have been talking about his property; and I believe he will yet live for some time to come,'—as he actually did. He was thus faithful in reproving wrong-doers whenever and wherever he met with them. Sometimes his visits to afflicted persons were connected with sad and affecting circumstances, as in the following deplorable instances.

A woman who had been a professor of religion, but had really trifled with the claims of Christ and the demands of the Gospel, sent for him when on her death-bed. As he entered her dying chamber, she candidly told him that she had been resting through life in the outward form of godliness, and had neglected to seek a saving interest in the blood of Christ. She now thought that she had sinned away her day of grace, and feared that there was an awful certainty of being eternally lost. Mr.

Bundy used every argument he could think of to call forth within her a spirit of penitence, and to induce her to exercise confidence in God through the Saviour; but, awful to relate! all his efforts were of no avail. She exclaimed, 'The die is cast; I am for ever undone!' and in this fearful state of despair, without one sign of true contrition, and without one ray of hope, she passed into eternity.

A similarly affecting incident happened in the case of a gentleman who had acquired an immense fortune, but who had neglected his spiritual interests. When told by his medical attendants that they had exhausted all their means to effect his recovery, and that his disease must prove fatal, he sent for Mr. Bundy to visit him. He did so, but on entering the sick room of the sufferer, it was too apparent that the hours of his life were numbered. Before a syllable of religious counsel could be uttered, the afflicted man, with a last desperate effort, indistinctly said, 'I have been many years toiling to realise wealth, and have succeeded; but it has done me no good, and now I have lost my soul.' Having uttered this awful sentence, he immediately expired.

It is to be greatly feared that these two cases are typical of what is not unfrequently occurring in the experience of many now-a-days. The thought is alarming, that there are

some to be found in our midst who, under the garb of a religious profession, are living without the power of godliness, and then pass away from earth 'without one cheerful beam of hope, or spark of glimmering day.' And doubtless there are multitudes of persons who, in the eager pursuit of worldly riches, lose sight of the great realities of the eternal future. They grasp the former, but let slip the latter. But all do not succeed in their pursuit. They fail to gain earth, and lose heaven.

Allusion has been already made to Mr. Bundy's faith and power in prayer; and so extensively were these reported and known, that many persons who were afflicted in body or mind came from distant parts of the country to request his interest on their behalf at the throne of grace. His believing supplications were seldom unanswered. He was a devout believer in the inspired truth, that 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' It was proverbial among his friends, that he always received the things he prayed for. His views on this subject were peculiar. As in some other respects, so in this, he cannot be measured by any ordinary standard. What may have been justifiable in him, we should not hesitate to pronounce unwarrantable in its general application. He went so far as to think it wrong in a person

enjoying vital godliness to apply for medical advice in a case of sickness, and especially so to one who had not the fear of God before his eyes. He thought it more consistent with the genius of true religion for a devoted Christian to trust in God than to place confidence in man. And one of his nearest relatives has strongly asserted that he never knew him to be confounded in this matter.

Such a question cannot be determined by any fixed and general rules. We are not left without instances in the present day,—notwithstanding the insinuations of the sceptical to the contrary,—of the remarkable results which have followed the combined exercise of faith and prayer.

The writer of this biography is residing within sight of one of the most striking illustrations of this truth—the Orphan Establishment at Ashley Down. In answer to the praying faith of Mr. George Müller, five large buildings have been erected, at a cost of upwards of £100,000, and more than 2,000 orphan children are from time to time supported in them, at an annual outlay of between £30,000 and £40,000,—solely, as his published reports testify, by the generous offerings of Christian people in different parts of the world, who are acquainted with his work, without any direct application, and

simply in answer to believing supplication. If such be the case at the present day, where a chosen instrument of Divine Providence has been specially influenced to undertake and accomplish a work so great, and with so little ostentation, surely it is not too much to believe that the subject of this memoir, who also held habitual intercourse with God, succeeded in obtaining special aid from the Most High. It is a well established fact that he frequently received signal answers to prayer concerning afflictions in his own family, and in that of others. One example may be given. As soon as it became generally known that he had ceased from his labours, and that his friends were permitted to see his remains before they were conveyed to the 'house appointed for all living,'—among the multitudes that embraced the opportunity was a woman, who, buried in grief, and with eyes suffused with tears, related the following circumstance. She said: 'My daughter was once almost a cripple from an intensely painful complaint in one of her knees; and after trying in vain every means to relieve it which medical skill could prescribe, I had come to the determination to remove her to the Infirmary, to undergo an operation which was thought necessary to effect a cure. In this moment of extreme emergency I met with

Mr. Bundy, of whom I had some previous knowledge, and telling him my distress, asked his advice. After sympathising with me and my daughter, who was then leaning on my arm, he said, "Come with me; I am going to a prayer-meeting in Broadmead, and as you have tried other physicians in vain, let us go and call upon the name of the Lord, and seek His assistance." We went with him, and after prayer and exhortation he paused, and looking around the room with peculiar solemnity said, "I think there are as many as two or three here who have a little faith in God and in His Word, who will unite with me in asking one thing at His hands." He then mentioned the case of my daughter, how he had met with us on his way to that place, and that we were then present. He then knelt down and poured out his soul to God with great humility and fervour, and then called upon a second and third person to pray. At the close of the meeting he said, "I believe the Lord has heard our prayers and will answer them, but you must go home and pray for yourselves." We did so, and the Lord heard our cry. The pain and swelling in my daughter's knee began to subside, and in the course of a week the limb was restored whole as the other, and she has never suffered from anything in it since.' Although neither Mrs. Bundy nor any other

member of the family had heard of this case before, yet they fully believed it, for they had witnessed yet greater things among themselves at home.

When the 'Strangers' Friend Society,' which was so highly commended by Mr. Wesley, as one of the early fruits of Methodism, was established in Bristol, Mr. Bundy at once connected himself with it. He did so from a full conviction that it would enable him to be more extensively useful. Into this new sphere of benevolent exertion he entered with his accustomed ardour, and found it in every way fitted to employ those peculiar talents with which he had been entrusted.

He would sometimes relate, with much feeling, the following case, which came under his notice at an early period in the discharge of his allotted duties. Having been requested to visit a family in the greatest distress, he went to the house in which they lodged. On entering the place, he was directed to a dark, noisome cellar, in which he found a man and his wife and five small children. The man had very little clothing to cover him, and what he had consisted exclusively of a piece of an old sack, fastened round his body. The woman lay on some loose straw spread on the ground, without any kind of bedclothes whatever to protect her from the damp and cold, and was

groaning most piteously ; and the children were huddled together close to a mere handful of fire, and were completely naked. The whole scene presented a spectacle of indescribable wretchedness. The attention of Mr. Bundy was immediately arrested by the case of the woman, who appeared to be near death. Not a moment was to be lost ; he instantly addressed to her some words of spiritual advice and comfort, and then knelt down upon the straw by her side, and prayed fervently on her behalf. He had not done so long before she expired. The effect which her death produced on the survivors defies all description. The children vented their grief in loud and heart-rending lamentations. The husband seemed paralysed with the stroke and almost insensible to everything around him. Mr. Bundy attempted to arouse him to the realities of his situation, when, to his astonishment and distress, the poor man, with a deep sigh, drew aside the piece of sacking around him, and exposed his breast, which was consumed with a cancer. He then gave a most pitiable account of all the circumstances which had culminated in that state of destitution and woe. The sequel of this history need not be detailed at length. Suffice it to state, that the whole case received immediate and effectual attention ; and Mr. Bundy had the happiness of

knowing that he had been the chosen instrument, in the hands of Divine Providence, of extricating the remaining members of that family from starvation and ruin.

It scarcely need be said that, in visiting the poor and needy, he was always careful to take sufficient money with him to afford them immediate temporal relief. On being remonstrated with on what was supposed to be an excess of charity, and reminded that provision ought to be made by him for a time of sickness and age, his reply was, 'that there were as many young people carried to the churchyard as there were persons advanced in life, and that as he might not live to be old in years, it was his duty to attend to the inspired direction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."' Here it may be proper to remark, that his extensive liberality was not sustained wholly from his own resources. Many persons of comparative affluence, well knowing his integrity, and his labours of love in visiting the abodes of sickness and indigence, made him the almoner of their bounty. From time to time considerable sums of money were placed in his hands, the distribution of which was left entirely to his discretion. When those funds were exhausted

he knew where to get them replenished, and such was the unlimited confidence reposed in him that he was seldom without means to relieve the necessitous and to befriend the suffering poor. He did not confine himself, however, to these regular sources of financial supply, but as he sought permanently to increase the external comforts of the destitute, and not merely to afford them immediate temporal succour, he adopted every means he could devise to enable him to improve their outward condition.

During the severe winter of 1814 he made application in all directions for articles of wearing apparel. He not only went from street to street and from house to house for this purpose, but at the religious meetings which he attended during the evenings of the week, he would represent to those present the effects of the inclemency of the weather on the needy and destitute, and on the shivering prisoners in Newgate, whose condition from personal knowledge he would describe in graphic and affecting strains.

On some of these occasions his simple but telling narratives effected far more than studied eloquence could have accomplished. The iron of the prisoner and the distressed had entered into his soul, and he would plead for them in such touching terms that the ap-

plication was irresistible. He would then request that any contributions of the kind mentioned might be sent to his residence, and he would take care that they were prudently disposed of. The result of these efforts was, that large quantities of all kinds of clothing were brought to his house daily; and fearing to entrust their distribution to others, he, at the expense of much time and labour, bestowed them on the destitute with his own hands.

A lady who was present at one of the evening meetings referred to was so impressed with what was said of the great evil of hoarding up moth-eaten garments while the poor were perishing with cold for want of them, that she returned to her home, and searched every closet and drawer in her house for all her cast-off wearing apparel, and, collecting them together in a large bundle, sent them to him to be suitably given away. She also became a powerful auxiliary in this labour of love, for she not only set this admirable example, but prevailed on many to imitate it.

As it may be supposed, Mr. Bundy not only exhorted all around him to works of charity, but made sacrifices himself for the same purpose. During any particular season of general distress, from whatever cause it may have arisen, he could not be induced to

have in his possession more linen garments than were absolutely necessary for his actual use. If it should so happen that he had a second overcoat by him that he did not immediately require, he would invariably give one away to the first deserving applicant who needed it. Sometimes he was doubtful whether a person who sought relief was a proper object of charity or not, but feeling that it was 'more blessed to give than to receive,' he instantly silenced all questionings by saying : 'Who amongst us is worthy of the benefits we daily receive? Our Heavenly Father "maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." Let us give to all we can, for it is not long we shall have it in our power to do so, and leave the results to God.'

Few things gave him greater pain than to see persons, whom he knew to be in comfortable circumstances, pass by the needy and destitute in the streets, without regarding their solicitations for relief. He was never known to refuse alms to any one who asked them, nor did he ever slight a distressed object, but, solicited or unsolicited, he offered pecuniary assistance. Doubtless in that day, as in this, promiscuous giving was often attended with evil results ; but such was the generosity of his nature, that rather than run the risk of

withholding help from a deserving case, he deemed it a lesser evil to relieve all applicants; and, moreover, he dreaded to do anything which might quench the spirit of benevolence or limit the flow of his Christian liberality.

On one occasion he had given away the last penny he had in his pocket; and fearing to return to his house by his usual way, lest he should meet with any person in distress, whom he would not be able to assist, he attempted to reach his residence by a lonely, unfrequented path. To his great astonishment he met with a gentleman, who unexpectedly accosted him by name, and then placed in his hand a piece of paper, with the remark, 'You know what to do with that better than I do.' Mr. Bundy kept his hand closed until he arrived at home; when he was startled to find, to his great joy and gratitude, that the Lord had given him in this way *ten pounds* for the benefit of the suffering poor. A portion of this sum was immediately applied by him to a benevolent use. On going into the street a man having a cartload of coals for sale requested him to purchase them. 'Turn your horses' heads this way, and follow me,' was the instant reply. These coals were taken to the prison at Newgate, where they were greatly needed, and properly distributed.

One of the regular and well-known practices

of Mr. Bundy was to visit the meat-market on Saturday evenings, not as an idle spectator, but in search of some opportunity of doing good. Very frequently, in his apparently unconcerned walks, he would overhear a person in humble circumstances inquiring at a butcher's stall the price of a piece of meat, and would observe that person, when unable to purchase it for want of sufficient money, reluctantly turn away in disappointment. He would then suddenly step forward and ask the customer what he or she could afford to give; the sum being mentioned, he would instantly lay down the difference, and hasten away in the crowd in pursuit of other similar objects of deserving charity. These deeds, so unsolicited and so unostentatiously performed, secured for him the blessings and prayers of many who were ready to perish, though the indigent recipients were ignorant of their generous benefactor. At the close of these evenings, having relieved in this manner many needy cases, he would purchase meat for his poverty-stricken pensioners. Having made not a few humble families comfortable, he would return home at the midnight hour, rejoicing that he had been counted worthy to be of some little use to his fellow creatures. 'I want a thankful heart,' he would say; 'for what am I better than others? I am sur-

rounded with mercies, while many more deserving are destitute of the common necessities of life.'

On one of these Saturday evenings, as he entered his house, he hung up his great coat, as usual, in the passage; but on the following morning, when preparing to attend public worship, he found it missing. Having inquired whether any member of his family had inadvertently removed it, and ascertaining that no one in the house knew anything about it, he calmly and meekly said: 'Then I suppose some needy person, thinking that I had more than one, while he was without any, though perhaps more in want than myself, has applied it to his own use. I hope it will be of service to him!'

At another time, some one stole a pair of silver buckles which he was accustomed to wear on his shoes,—a custom very common in those days,—and which he greatly valued, not for their intrinsic worth, but on account of the circumstances under which they had come into his possession. The only remark he made in reference to his loss was, 'Well, if I had not had them, they could not have been stolen.' The conscience of the thief, however, troubled him for having robbed so good a man, and when some months had elapsed they were brought back, and placed at the door

of his counting-house. He thereupon resolved that they should never be a source of temptation to any one else ; and shortly afterwards he disposed of them and gave the money to the poor.

In associating with the poor, indeed, he seemed to take peculiar delight, and some of his happiest hours were those in which he entertained such at his hospitable home. On these occasions he would smilingly look around on the company present and call them his family. The members of it would regard him as their greatest earthly benefactor, and he would secure their entire confidence and warm affection by addressing them as his friends. He literally carried out the precept of his Divine Master, ' But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind ; and thou shalt be blessed ; for they cannot recompense thee ; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'

It might have been supposed that a man so godly, so humble, whose character was so unblemished, and the constant study of whose life was to promote the welfare of others, would have been free from detraction and from unkind treatment. Sometimes, however, he experienced the truth of the Apostle's words, ' All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution' ; but he had learnt the Christian

lesson to return good for evil. Such were his meekness and patience under provocations, that his bitterest opponents were often abashed by his spirit and behaviour, and were even compelled to acknowledge the wrong they had done to him. His calm and forgiving manner exercised an overpowering influence, and not unfrequently those who had opposed him, or had spoken disparagingly of him, were melted into tears, and afterwards became his firmest and most faithful friends. When asked how it was possible for him to manifest such a disposition when so unrighteously assailed, he would simply answer in the words of Scripture, 'If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink'; or, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' 'But,' it was sometimes said, 'you know not to what extent the attempt has been made to injure you.' His only reply was in the language of the Saviour, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you *falsely* for My sake.'

His submission under severe personal affliction and temporal losses was very exemplary. On one occasion he was suffering excruciating pain, and a member of his family, after remarking how ill he was, expressed a desire to share, if it were possible, that pain. His reply was, 'Yes; but our Divine Saviour endured

more for us; and we are assured that we have His sympathy.' Through all his afflictions, and these were not light nor infrequent, although under them he persevered in his labours to benefit others, he was never heard to utter a murmuring word, nor a sentiment opposed to resignation to his Saviour's will. No losses in business seemed to move him from his religious steadfastness, or even to ruffle his spirit. One illustration of this may be given. He once lost a valuable horse by death. This occurrence happened on a Lord's day, when he was absent from home, attending to one of his preaching appointments in the country. On being informed when he returned of the painful circumstance, without referring to the loss he had suffered, he looked round sweetly upon the members of his family and said, 'The Lord might have taken away one of you, my dears, and that would have been infinitely worse.' He was equally unshaken in prosperity and adversity. His mind seemed to rise superior both to the attractive and the depressing scenes of earth, and to be principally engaged with the realities of heaven. He habitually enjoyed much of the Divine presence, and of him it may be said with truth, as of Enoch of old, that 'he walked with God.' Such were his views of his own unworthiness and imperfections, that he desired that nothing might be said

of him after his death, lest his faults should be concealed from others. As a Christian he was always serious, never sullen ; ever cheerful, but never could he be charged with levity. The aged esteemed his friendship an honour, and the young delighted in his company and attention. Doubtless to the Searcher of all hearts he had his failings and shortcomings, but to man they were, for the most part, unseen. Taking him for all in all—

‘ We ne’er shall look upon his like again.’

CHAPTER X.

LAST DAYS—CLOSING SCENES OF LIFE—PECULIAR
DEATH—NEWSPAPER REPORTS OF FUNERAL—
INTERMENT—REV. T. WOOD'S TESTIMONY AT
FUNERAL SERVICE—EPITAPH.

WE have now to dwell upon some of the last incidents of Mr. Bundy's long and laborious life, crowned with an end worthy of its remarkable character. Not only was there, in his case, a gradual ripening for the heavenly inheritance, and a gradual loosening of the ties which bound him to earth,—even of those connected with the activities of Christian service,—but there was a distinct premonition of the time of his departure.

This will be best set forth by giving the notes of a Diary faithfully and lovingly kept by one of his family. One morning, as he left his bedroom, he put into the hands of one of his daughters a piece of paper, on which he had written these words: 'Last night was one to be remembered by me for ever. It is said, "He giveth His beloved sleep"; but I desire to bless His holy name for keeping me awake,

and He well rewarded me for watching. I was meditating on faith in Christ as being the only way to glory, and unbelief as the way to hell. Thereupon I cried to God for an increase of faith in the Saviour, a faith which assures of being with Him and His saints in everlasting felicity. That prayer was specially answered, and then I laid me down and slept sweetly, it being then about two o'clock.' On another morning, as he came out of his room, she earnestly inquired after his health, when he replied, 'It is time for me to go home, for I am of no further use here.' She then reminded him of a text she had once heard him preach from; namely, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.' He at once answered, 'My change is come, but you keep me back'; meaning that the prayers of his family detained him on earth. At another time, when he had continued longer in retirement than usual, he said to her, 'My child, I did not know it was so late.' On her remarking that the time seemed to pass away pleasantly with him, he answered, 'I was mentioning each one of you by name, and each member of my class, to my Heavenly Father, and I had not the slightest idea that the moments had slipped by so rapidly.' Impressed with the brevity of human life, he would often say, 'Our praying time

will soon be over, therefore let us work while it is called to-day.' During the last twelve months of his life he frequently observed: 'This year I shall die. I am almost gone. It will be a good thing when you carry me to Portland Chapel.'

On Sunday, the 8th of March, 1818, he preached from Ecclesiastes xii. 7, 'Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.' From that time his thoughts seemed wholly absorbed in the contemplation of another world, so soon to be his home and the home of all the saints. During the week following there was no visible change in him, but on Saturday, March 14th, he appeared decidedly worse. On the following day he rose from his bed and left his room, looking more like one dead than alive; but, extremely ill as he was, he would persist in accompanying one of his daughters to his accustomed place of worship, Ebenezer Chapel, King Street, saying, 'I must go while I can.' On returning home he made some pertinent remarks on the sermon, to which he had listened with deep attention, and then took some slight refreshment.

Having previously engaged to preach the same evening at Keynsham, a village referred to in a former chapter, he made a great effort to go there, though utterly unfit to do so; but

the journey was too much for him, and he was compelled, with great reluctance, to forego the opportunity of preaching, and to return to his residence, which he reached in a state of extreme exhaustion. Sinking into his old arm-chair, he softly and submissively said, 'What a painful day I have had!' On his daughter remarking, 'Father, it is a pity you attempted to go,' he replied, 'Nay; it is all for the best.' After inquiring, as he usually did, with much minuteness and affection, into the spiritual state of each of the members of his family, he retired, utterly wearied, to rest.

Monday, 16th.—He seemed much worse, held very little conversation with his friends, but from his appearance was evidently much engaged in prayer. In the evening, however, he tried to meet his class, but was too weak to speak to all the members present. His utterances were feeble, but his advice was most seasonable and profitable. The occasion was most affecting. All seemed to have a presentiment that they should never thus meet with him again, and as the evening was chiefly spent by several engaging in prayer, grief, hope, and fear were mingled with their supplications. His own references to his departure were now very definite. He said to all the members of the Class that assembled, that he should not meet them

again on earth, and regarding that as the last opportunity he should have of taking sweet counsel with them, he very affectionately and tenderly took leave of each, they sorrowing and weeping lest they should see his face amongst them no more.

Tuesday, 17th.—As he was appointed to preach at Redfield Chapel, a short distance from Bristol, he persisted in attempting to go, although it was apparent to his friends that he was quite unequal to the task. His wife affectionately remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his venturing to make such an effort, adding, ‘Then you are determined to die in the harness.’ He meekly replied, ‘I do not know about that; but this I know, the shell is ready to break: then the jewel will be better lodged in the house of “many mansions.”’ He left home to undertake the service, but fainted by the way. On recovering a little, and feeling that he had not strength to proceed, he sent a message to the congregation to the effect that his work on earth was done.’ He was then assisted, with difficulty, to return home, and never left his house again alive.

Wednesday, 18th—He seemed to be somewhat revived, and conversed cheerfully with all about him, expressing at times his regret that he had returned to his house on the pre-

ceding evening, without having preached to the people who had been expecting to hear him. Then, referring to his fainting fit, he said, 'What a happy thing it would have been had I escaped from the body at that moment!' At the prospect of his dismissal from this scene of action he greatly rejoiced. Death had lost its sting to him, and heaven seemed to open itself to his view, and to absorb his contemplations.

For an instant his mind was slightly distracted by one of his poor pensioners calling to see him. In handing her half-a-crown he said, 'That will be the last I shall have the opportunity of giving you; but be sure you meet me in heaven.' He then referred to his servant-man, and gave directions concerning his temporal welfare; but, being informed that provision had been made for him, he expressed his satisfaction; and then, as if he had done with earth, he henceforth spoke almost exclusively of spiritual and eternal realities.

On one of his children saying, 'Father, you will soon join the glorious company St. John saw before the throne, who had come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb'; he immediately replied, 'That is the subject which has been engaging my contemplations.' The words of St. Paul were

then slowly repeated to him, 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith'; when with much animation he exclaimed, 'That was the last text I heard preached from; but the preacher failed to do the subject justice, owing to its sublimity, copiousness, and vast importance.'

As his son-in-law, the father of the writer, was about to leave him for the night, and to return to his home at Clifton, leaving his wife, Mr. Bundy's eldest daughter, with him,—for her attendance on her dying parent was unremitting and constant,—he said, 'Samuel, be firm in the cause of God, always keeping in mind the fleeting character of all things earthly and temporal, but the permanence of invisible and future realities'; and then he repeated with emphasis the following lines:—

'I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.'

From this time he gradually grew worse, but his firmness and presence of mind remained unshaken, and if possible, were more strikingly developed.

Thursday, 19th.—To the daughter who was waiting upon him in the morning he said, 'Now it is all over; I must give up'; no

doubt feeling the approach of another fainting fit, which soon rendered him insensible, and from which it was thought he could not recover. Consciousness, however, returned, and he faintly whispered, 'It is time for me to go home,' referring doubtless to heaven. Another of his daughters then observed that the next day would be Good Friday. It was on this occasion, though he had given an intimation to the same effect long before, that he gave utterance to that distinct reference to the time of his death, which the event proved to be prophetic. He deliberately and emphatically said, 'O, I shall go home to-morrow, and about the time when it is generally believed my Lord expired.' 'Not to-morrow, father,' said one of his daughters. 'Yes, child,' was the reply; 'to-morrow.' With a faltering voice he then repeated the following lines:—

'O could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.'

As the last day before his death drew to its close, his family, no doubt pondering his memorable words concerning the morrow, mani-

fested a strong desire to remain up with him during the night. On perceiving that preparations were being made for that purpose, he strongly prohibited them, saying with much emphasis, 'No one shall sit up with me to-night; go to rest, all of you, while you can!' Though not with him in the same room, it was impossible that some of his household should not be, even by stealth, within hearing and seeing him. The night was spent in great physical restlessness, and the condition of his wife and daughters may be more easily imagined than described. It does not appear that he left the parlour in which he died, for some two or three days previous to the solemn event:—

Good Friday, March 20th.—Early in the morning, one of his daughters, perceiving him to be in a state of great exhaustion, took him a little wine, which he sparingly sipped, saying, 'I have not been accustomed to take wine in my lifetime.' Then turning his face to the wall near which he sat, he very solemnly and devoutly whispered, 'When shall I come and appear before God?'

As the morning gradually wore away, some one present reminded him that his friends were now worshipping in the Chapel which he had been accustomed to attend, intimating that they would be sure to remember him in their

prayers in his time of affliction and retirement. He replied, 'Yes; but I cannot go now; and shall go there no more.' A little after noon he inquired what hour of the day it was; and on being told it was nearly half past twelve o'clock, he remarked, 'It is a long day.' For some time afterwards he seemed much engaged in silent prayer; and on being asked if he would like to see some one, the allusion being to some medical attendant, he said at once, 'No; no one can do me any good.' The moments now passed in breathless stillness, all present watching his countenance with intense and anxious eagerness. About three o'clock in the afternoon he opened his eyes, and looking at his wife and children with ineffable sweetness and tenderness, said distinctly and firmly, 'My dears, leave me, leave me!' One of his daughters, having a strong premonition of the result, both from his often expressed wish to die alone, and from his reference to the event happening on that day, inquired feelingly, 'Father, would you desire us to leave you?' He at once answered, 'Yes, and make haste.' His eldest daughter, the mother of the writer, to whom he was specially attached, lingered behind the rest; and it has been thought possible that she might have remained, and have been permitted to witness the closing scenes of her father's life, had not

the youngest said, 'Father; Ann is stopping !' Whereupon he remarked, 'Well, Ann go also.'

We cannot but express a wish that at least some one of this good man's family had been endued with the faith and firmness of the prophet Elisha, when Elijah on the eve of his translation requested him to tarry first at Gilgal, then at Bethel, and finally at Jericho, for the Lord had sent for him. Elisha's decided reply was, 'As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.' Mr. Bundy as much knew that he was about to leave this world of sorrow as the Tishbite did that he was about to ascend to heaven by miracle; and there would have been a satisfaction in being able to trace and to record the circumstances of his last moments upon earth.

But he died, as he had wished to die, alone. When the family had slowly and sadly left him, he rose from his seat and fastened the door of his parlour after them. Outside that door his children waited for some time, intensely eager, excited, and anxious listeners. All that they could distinguish was the gentle tread of his footsteps, and the sound of the rustling of papers. This continued for a few minutes, then perfect stillness reigned. For a short time it was natural for them to think that he was dozing, though they hoped with trembling.

The silence continuing longer than they desired, they first ventured softly to tap at the door, but there was no response; they knocked louder, with the same result; and yet louder still, but all to no avail. In a fever of excitement they called, 'Father! Father!' but there was no voice nor sound. The youngest daughter, the late Mrs. Rogers, then contrived to open the door, and the reality at once presented itself to their view. He had calmly passed away from earth. His little table had been removed from the place in which it formerly stood, and nearly all his papers, his Diary included,—an irreparable loss,—had been consumed by fire, the grate being partially filled with the ashes. In his old, favourite chair, in which he had meditated for hours, he sat. He had taken off his nightcap, which he had worn in his illness, and also his cravat, and had folded them across his knee, had unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, and his wristbands, had placed his arms on the elbows of his chair, and had leaned back in it, to sleep the sleep of death. His countenance bore not the slightest appearance of any physical struggle. So calm, so peaceful, and so composed was his face, and such a heavenly smile lit up his features, that the words of the poet involuntarily flashed upon the mind, 'Can this be death?'

'The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye ;
But not extinct they hold their way,
In glory, through the sky.
Spirits from bondage thus set free
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.'

The immediate effect of this extraordinary scene on the survivors was too startling to be passed by without a record. While two of his daughters, the late Mrs. Williams of Clifton, and the late Mrs. Rogers, of Kingsdown, and his widow, were plunged into inexpressible grief, the second daughter, Elizabeth, gazed upon the spectacle with apparent unconcern, but it was not the unconcern of indifference. Filial affection was too deep to find expression in tears or sobs. It was the vacant look of insanity. The brain became so deranged by the sudden anguish that confirmed lunacy was the result, and after some months of suffering she died in an asylum.

Such was the singular death of this remarkable man, and it formed a fitting close to a life which, in many respects, was peculiar and unique. The intelligence of his decease spread rapidly, and although he moved in a smaller sphere than some others whose memoirs are still gratefully cherished in Bristol and

its neighbourhood, yet it may be truthfully said that the city mourned as having lost a friend.

This statement is borne out by a paragraph published in the *Bristol Mirror*, on the morning after his funeral:—

‘On the evening of Good Friday died Mr. JAMES BUNDY, long known and universally respected in this city for his steady piety and genuine philanthropy, manifested especially in his unwearied attention to the prisoners in Newgate and other jails in various parts of the kingdom.

‘The funeral procession took place yesterday morning. Many hundreds of the poor and of the religious Society to which he belonged, were early in attendance, in order to follow his corpse to the place of interment. At half past eleven a suitable hymn was sung over the body at the door of the deceased. The procession, which was a walking funeral,* then moved solemnly along the Quay, and through Bridge Street to Newgate; and, on passing the prison, another impressive hymn was sung, mingled with a deep recollection of his labours, tears, and prayers, night and day,

* This arrangement was adopted in accordance with his own wishes and the requests of many friends.

in that abode of misery.* Thence the melancholy procession proceeded through Merchant Street and King Street, and on passing Ebenezer Chapel, in which he was a regular worshipper, a third hymn was sung, thence along the Horsefair, Maudlin Lane, and Horfield Road to Portland Chapel, the place of interment, thousands all the way attending the remains of this venerable and worthy character. The Rev. T. Wood read the burial service, and afterwards delivered a very pathetic oration to an attentive and deeply affected multitude. After the interment, which took place a little before two o'clock, the solemn scene was concluded by singing the following verses composed for the occasion.

'Awake, my muse ! inspire the mournful lay,
While sacred sorrow swells thy trembling soul ;
The much-loved BUNDY 's called from earth away,
And speeds triumphant to the heavenly goal.

'Calm were his passions as the summer's eve,
Yet fixed in virtue's cause he boldly stood ;
Proclaimed the faith, and taught us to believe
Life's greatest pleasure lies in doing good.

* It was specially noticed that many prisoners were allowed to show their respect to his memory by standing at the gratings of their cells as the funeral *cortège* passed, some of whom, it was observed, were bathed in tears, feeling that they had lost their best earthly friend.

- 'Short was his illness, but his pain severe ;
Stern Death advanced, now stingless like a friend ;
Sweet Consolation banished every fear,
Smiling he viewed his swift approaching end.
- ' "Farewell, vain World !" he cried, "I'm going home,"
As dire affliction pressed his dying frame ;
Strong Faith stood pointing to a world to come,
With Hope and Love attendant on her train.
- ' Adieu, dear Friend ! may thy example lead
Our wayward souls to seek for joys on high ;
Where angel hosts present the victor's meed,
And shout the welcome to thy native sky !'

On Sunday, April 5th, 1818, the Rev. Thomas Wood, M.A., preached a very able and impressive funeral sermon in Ebenezer Chapel, King Street, to a crowded and deeply attentive congregation. The text chosen was Revelation xiv. 13: 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.'

At the conclusion of his discourse the preacher made the following remarks: 'On being affectionately requested by the widow, children, and friends of the late Mr. James Bundy to improve his death by preaching a sermon on the occasion in this chapel, the text I have now been attempting to explain and apply arrested my attention as the most ap-

propriate, embracing his useful life, triumphant death, and blessedness in the heavenly world. His character is not merely that of a private Christian, but rises far above the common level in the Church of Christ. His piety was of the primitive cast, comporting with the doctrines, precepts, spirit, and views of the Christian records. His uniform conduct had long evinced that his heart was settled in the truth, and deeply imbued with the grace of the Gospel. His zeal for the salvation of men was the result of an inward flame of sacred love, which was fed and supported by daily supplies from the heavenly altar. His courage was proverbial, like that of the apostle who said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." His *disinterestedness* was singularly prominent, showing that he resolved everything into the glory of God, and the good of men. He lived on earth, but he walked with God. His inward ear was open to receive heavenly instruction, and his heart ready promptly to obey the Divine mandate.

'In the domestic circle his piety shone with distinguished lustre, and his removal has occasioned a chasm which cannot be filled up.

‘In the Church he was a pillar, affording instruction, encouragement, and support. In business he was diligent, faithful, and successful. In the world he was circumspect, watchful, exemplary, and obliging. Vital piety was incorporated with everything he did, and shone with a clear and steady ray.

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